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Local History

Mansfield High School

1911

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A Story of a Train Ride

(Mr. Helter, Engineer; Mr. Hall, Conductor.)

WINIFRED ANGLE

A RED faced and very much out of breath individual swung himself aboard the last coach of the departing train. Two or three girls and a boy or two stood on the station platform and ruefully viewed the vanishing train. As it turned a curve and was lost from sight one girl touched her handkerchief to her eyes and almost inaudibly sighed, "There won't be another until next year—Oh dear!"

Once inside the train the fortunate individual, whom we will call Sam, had sunk into a rear seat and was alternately mopping his brow and fanning himself with his battered hat. "Doggone it," he muttered, then as people took notice of him he smiled a charming smile on them and exclaimed, "Well, I'm glad I made the old train anyway."

As one after the other of the passengers recognized him, they sprang up to congratulate him on succeeding in getting the train. Rubbing his hands with a very self-satisfied air, Sam once more smiled on everyone and said, "I thank you for displaying such an interest in me and being so kind, but to tell the truth, I don't think it's any more than I deserve. Last summer I worked hard enough to get to go on this trip and it's a good thing you are glad to see me for I intend to stay on this train."

Pushing aside any more who wanted to speak to him he started through the train. As he made his way from coach to coach he was hailed with the most joyous of shouts and exclamations, and he in turn did his share of the "shoutin'." At last he came to the smoker (gasser, more appropriately,) and to his horror he found it full of girls, and—may the saints bless us—every girl was talking as fast and as hard as she could. Thrusting his head in a little way, Sam admonished them to "turn off the gas." The girls looked indignant and gave Sam their cold shoulder, leaving him to return to a more congenial atmosphere.

Walking back through the train, he noticed nearly everyone was reading. The books were dry and uninteresting-looking ones, and slowly Sam extracted a similar one from his own suit-case and began to read. In the course of a half hour or so, sonorous noises proceeded from his corner, filling the whole coach. No one took any notice of it.

Suddenly the door burst open and the conductor rushed in, immediately beginning to lecture the crowd on their carelessness. Many were surprised at this sudden outburst, until the conductor pounced onto Sam, who had been peacefully sleeping; then they realized he was really the object of the lecture from the very start.

"Don't you know you have no business going through the train when it is moving? Can't you realize that you might get killed by such carelessness?" etc., etc., indefinitely, until Sam was very indignant. The anger of the conductor broke forth anew, and when he had finished his tirade he was obliged to gasp for breath. But this conductor was an extraordinary mortal, as the passengers realized thruout the trip. It seemed as if he was constantly berating someone of the party all the time, but at intervals he became hilarious and jolly with the rest of the crowd.

The passengers took little notice of the country passed thru, for it was much the same all the way. However, within the train, events had come to pass that furnished talk for a long time. One young fellow had become decidedly annoying to his fellow travelers. Several trainmen in turn argued with him and tried to get him to be quiet. Their efforts had no effect whatever and at last the irate conductor took a hand in the matter, and without listening to any excuses, he dragged him from the train. The young fellow picked himself up, and shaking his fist at the vanishing train, indulged in very uncomplimentary phrases about the conductor.

Various views were taken of the affair by the passengers. Sam felt very sorry for the young fellow and was loud in his denunciation of the conductor. A very studious girl took her eyes from her book long enough to remark that she thought it was no more than he deserved. He didn't need to think this trip was being taken just for fun.

But this event was overshadowed by one occurring soon after. It seems that a trainman had gotten into a violent dispute with one of the passengers. A great many sharp words were exchanged. The passenger insisted on "sticking up" for what he termed his rights and the trainman declared he was overstepping his bounds. Not one of the other passengers cared to interfere so the dispute continued. It waxed hotter and hotter until the

conductor, always to be relied upon, came on the scene. The disputants calmed when he came in and each hoped for a settlement of the argument according to his own demands. However no conclusion was reached for the conductor did not have the right view of the situation and no one would give anything but a partial version of it. The matter was finally referred to the engineer. He seemed a strange person to go to, yet, when the facts of the case had been laid before him, he presented a solution of the difficulty that made everything seem easily remedied.

The talk occasioned by this occurrence was not very remarkable, considering that nothing much had happened on the trip. It was discussed pro and con, but in general the sentiment seemed to be in favor of the passenger.

The trip was becoming very irksome and many wished that it would end. One or two welcome stops had been made and the passengers recalled them with distinct pleasure. However, when anyone spoke seriously of leaving the train "for good," a chorus of protest was raised. The usual argument seemed to be that if he had taken three similar long hard trips why shouldn't he wait until the fourth was over?

At last a stop was made that everyone had been looking forward to for a long time. There was a delay sufficient for a second trainload of people to catch up with the first, and then the crowds united and indulged in a glorious party. A dramatic stunt was very creditably put on by a bunch from the second train, and good things to eat were afterwards passed. After this affair was over a short time was left before resuming the trip, so everyone gave himself a much needed rest.

At last a blast from the whistles gave warning that the trains were ready to start. There was a rather "langsam" procession of returning passengers. Spring had come and the little town seemed so inviting that many were tempted to stay. The first train left the second one far behind and passed on swiftly to the end of the journey.

The passengers were less than ever inclined to read the dull dry books, but irritating trainmen compelled them to keep their attention fixed upon the pages.

During all this time Sam had gradually become one of the common passengers for he had wisely told himself that he would rather keep to his book than to finish the trip in disgrace.

The peace of the journey had remained unbroken for a long time. However it was broken one day by a most persistent trainman who began to marshal his forces and suggested to the travelers, as their journey was nearing an end, that several should make farewell addresses to the company. So the party of travelers helped select those who should close the journey with appropriate remarks.

It was with a great deal of painstaking labor that the chosen ones prepared their speeches, constantly changing and rechanging them to suit the taste of the aforesaid trainman. Some were eager to relinquish their task, but the ever busy conductor paused in the midst of his rush to deliver a lecture to the shirkers. It seemed strange that the trainmen and the conductor and even the engineer should have so much to say during the journey,

but the passengers were young, (though plenty old enough in their own estimation) and their parents had entrusted them to the train officials.

Between the time of the selection of the speech makers and the delivering of the results of their efforts, two very elaborate functions were enjoyed by the members of the party. The first was at the expense of the engineer, who all the time had been keeping a steady hand on the throttle. The other was given by the members of the party as it would be the last chance for them to enjoy a social good time. They seemed to have no trouble at all in enjoying themselves to the fullest extent.

At last the day of the speech-making arrived. It wasn't a very joyful day for the majority of the passengers for it marked the last day they would all be together. During the journey all had made good friends with their fellow passengers and it is hard to give up friendships that may never be renewed.

So it was with serious faces that the party assembled to hear the addresses so carefully prepared. They were five essays, speaking the careful and thoughtful work expended upon them. A little music was given by a few of the passengers and it was such as anything fine is apt to be—An exquisite sample of unrevealed beauties that might follow.

Finally the end came and the passengers descended reluctantly from the train. As they left they were handed a paper, signifying the satisfactory completion of the tedious journey. Good-byes were exchanged with the engineer, the conductor and the trainmen. It is small wonder that the last were given the most lingering handclasps, for, altho they had annoyed and harrassed the passengers more than anyone else, their very watchfulness had instilled reverence and respect into the hearts of the passengers.

Every passenger, as he walked away, looked back at the train with a true feeling of affection in his heart, and as he went on and took up the thread of his life in a strange place and among strange people, the experiences of his journey were indelibly fixed in the mind.



"The Derelict"

MARGUERITE KIENLE, '14

BERTRAM HADFIELD had pleaded long, and begged earnestly, and at last—much against her will, his mother had given her consent to Bertram's accompanying his father on his trip to Southern Africa. Mr. Hadfield was captain of the steamer "King George" which was soon to start on her trip from London to Cape of Good Hope, and Bertram—the seventeen-year-old son—was eagerly longing to go with his father, as this was the first journey of such distance that he would be permitted to make. His mother was very much opposed to this, for Bertram was her only boy, and she felt considerable uneasiness as to his going along on this trip. But his father assuring her again and again that the best of care would be taken of him, and this promise made doubly sure by the First-Lieutenant, Mr. Dunly, a true friend of the Hadfields, she at last consented. Bertram was overjoyed and his school-mate, Paul, was to go with him. The week preceeding the sailing of the steamer, the boys spent in planning the enjoyment that was going to come; and when the day came for the departure, no happier boys could have been found in all London.

The first few weeks fulfilled all the fondest expectations of the boys, the weather being clear and warm, the sea calm and the nights delightfully cool, with bright moonlight playing on the deep blue waves, changing the vast waste of waters to a hazy sparkling fairy-land. The sailors were very kind to the boys, telling them all about the stars, by which ships when lost at sea, were often guided back to safety. They told them about the tracks marked out all over the ocean, along which the great steamers make their journeys from land to land. They explained the ocean charts to them; told them stories of their adventures, and the boys never had one tiresome moment. Then as they reached the southern waters they learned all about the curious fish and other inhabitants of the southern seas.

One day after having been on the water for six weeks, it began getting a trifle monotonous, and the boys wishing for something out of the ordinary to happen, were startled by the cry, "Ship Ahoy!" Instantly all glasses were lowered on a tiny speck far in the distance. On coming nearer, it was discovered that the ship had been wrecked, and not a living being was to be seen anywhere. The captain judged that it had been drifting around for weeks or months. A derelict on the waters, being tossed about by the waves which long since had robbed it of its once active crew, and now a wreck, forsaken and abandoned, a menace to every ship that happened to cross its path.

A party was soon commanded to row to the vessel, secure the valuables and ascertain from whence it came. The captain himself who of course had to remain on his own vessel, appointed the First-Lieutenant, his friend Mr.

Dunly, to take charge of the crew. Both boys were naturally determined to go along, for what is more fascinating than to explore the 'unknown'. But the father said, 'No!' He told them in the first place that it would be too dangerous, and in the second place, he had promised their mother to take good care of them. The boys begged so persistently though, that at last Mr. Dunly pleaded their cause, saying that he would take them entirely into his care and keeping, and that he would see that no harm befell them. Thus when the boat rowed out, the two boys were among the crew.

With some difficulty the wrecked vessel was boarded, and it was found that it had been drifting about for weeks as the captain had guessed. Soon the members of the crew scattered about, each exploring different parts of the ship. Mr. Dunly went down to the captain's cabin to look for the ship's papers and other documents. The boys presently found themselves in the steerage room, and were eagerly inspecting the cargo. One of the boys discovered a very curious looking box. It was unusually large, being very long, but quite narrow, and their curiosity was instantly aroused. "The riches of the Indies, I'll bet," exclaimed Paul tapping the box. "No, I'll bet its full of diamonds from Africa, or pearls from Persia. Why we'll be rich for life. Say, we made a lucky strike!" answered Bertram. They determined to open it immediately, and see what it contained. They lifted it. It was neither very heavy nor very light. They then wondered if they hadn't better call some of the sailors to help them open it, but on reflecting, they concluded that they alone wanted to be the discoverers of the treasure, so they looked about for instruments with which to open the box. One by one the boards were removed, and still the contents of the odd box was a mystery. Only one board had to be removed yet. On top was a layer of straw, and before lifting this the boys made guesses as to what lay beneath. "Well let's not guess any more, but see" said Paul; "one-two-three, g—" but the sentence was never finished, for with a a loud, angry hiss that froze their blood, the head of an enormous boa-constrictor reared itself high in the air. For an instant the boys seemed paralyzed with fear, then when the reptile, infuriated beyond measure by long imprisonment and hunger, freed itself from its confinement, they fairly raced out of the room, up the lower gangway, and to the upper deck, closing the hatchway behind them, but forgetting to shut the door of the cargo room, in which the snake was found.

Weak from fear, they sank down on the deck, when a sickening fear, a horrible realization came to Bertram—the Lieutenant was exposed directly to the snake, the gangway from the cargo room leading directly to the cabin where Mr. Dunly sat unconscious of the awful danger threatening him. He must be warned and instantly too, as it would be too late to escape, for the only means of escape was through the gangway. The boys could not go back to the middle deck where the Lieutenant was, so he must be warned by some other means. An idea came to Bertram. If he could be lowered to the window of the cabin, he could then warn Mr. Dunly. Fortunately, in a corner they found a rope and tying it securely around his waist, regardless of his own danger, Bertram was lowered by Paul, who was trembling with fear.

Arriving at the little round window Bertram peered in. Oh! the horror of that scene! There sat Mr. Dunly, his kind friend whom he had known and loved since he was a little tot of four, there he sat before a table littered with papers, and deeply engrossed in them. The door stood wide open. From where Bertram was, he could see down the hall a little distance, and there, swiftly gliding along, came the furious reptile.

"For God's sake, Mr. Dunly, close the door! Close the door!" he shrieked. Mr. Dunly turned around slowly to see where the voice came from, but did not make a move to close the door, not apprehending the reason or meaning of Bertram's warning cry.

"Oh—Mr. Dunly—quick—close the door! Don't you understand? It's the boa-constrictor—just close the door! Oh—too late—too late", he sobbed, holding his breath, for the infuriated snake had entered the cabin. Mr. Dunly gave one startled cry, looked around for some way of escape, but there was none. The snake entirely blocked the door. The window was much too small to escape by means of it, and not knowing what to do, Mr. Dunly made an attempt to crawl under the table. Just then the snake coiled up, made one leap and was upon the helpless Lieutenant and wrapped itself around him.

All that Bertram remembered after that was: he heard one awful agonized cry from Mr. Dunly, who tried to say a farewell word to Bertram but could not, for he was being crushed to pieces by the hideous monster, and with one look of mute appeal, he gave up the attempt. Then there was an exultant hiss from the boa—an awful crash of bones, as they were being crushed by the reptile—a gasp—then all was darkness.

When Bertram awoke he found himself in bed on his father's steamer, with his father kneeling beside him, his face buried in his hands. "My boy, are you feeling better?" his father asked looking up. Bertram had recovered considerably from the shock, and his father, taking him by the hand, led him on deck. There a few yards off was the derelict, half sunken, and in a little boat beside the wreck was the crew.

"What are they waiting for, father."

"Wait and see", his father replied. A few moments later Mr. Hatfield gave a sign, the little boat rowed quickly away from the wrecked ship—there was an awful explosion—the ship was in flames, and on the upper deck, lashing furiously against the sides was the boa-constrictor rearing itself high into the air. Shortly afterward the burning remains sank. The Derelict, the boa-constrictor and Mr. Dunly were no more.

“Impromptu to Critics”

'11

I tried as best I could to please in all,
Have pictured howling mirth depressing pall—
Have writ the deep religious word for age;
For youthful heads I tore the sacred page:
Now I repent. In pleasing you with sense
In what I wrote, the rabble took offense,
And criticised, bewailed, the lifeless style
In cold contempt and railery the while.
When sad the tone they said the world's o'er run
With grief; write limericks and skits of fun.
When poets tell how good the Lord has been
To them, then irreligious hosts begin
And scoff and say—“a fool” or “hypocrite”
(If otherwise he'll go below for it.)
Oh God, e'en he himself could never please
His minds that differ in such vast degrees
For what you murmur on the people bless,
While curses follow close upon caress.
This have I reasoned out for me to do
Just as suits me, not trying to suit you.
If to a taste some preference must be shown
'Tis best to honor first one's very own.

The Delaware Trip

D. H. MILLER

MANSFIELD High School basketball team made its third annual trip to Delaware to participate in the high school tournament, held under the auspices of the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Edwards Gymnasium, one of the most spacious and best equipped gyms in the state.

The party, composed of two full teams, left Mansfield early on the Friday afternoon for Galion, where, after a short wait, they secured a Big Four train to Delaware. Finding the train packed, the bunch were forced to camp on their valises in the rear vestibule of one of the cars, and, while not finding them the most stable of seats, most of them managed to retain their equilibrium during the half hour's ride to Delaware.

Upon arriving at their destination, they proceeded immediately to the gymnasium where they were allotted their quarters, and they put in the remainder of the afternoon in securing some much needed practice.

The preliminaries started that evening, and Mansfield drew Zanesville as a starter.

Three separate basketball courts are laid out on the floor, and the two end ones were used in playing off the preliminaries.

Mansfield started off in whirlwind fashion and played the much touted Zanesville aggregation off their feet in the first half, rolling up sixteen points to their opponents' eight. In the second half, however, the Zanesville bunch wakened up and all but overcame Mansfield's lead, but two field baskets by Hughes in the last few minutes of play enabled us to come out victors by the score of 23 to 19.

While Mansfield was defeating Zanesville, Plain City put Grove City out of the running, swamping them under a large score.

The next two games were between Delaware and Marysville, and Chagrin Falls and Cadiz, Delaware and Chagrin Falls coming out easy victors.

In the last set of games Delaware met Newark and succeeded in defeating them by a close score in a fast and exciting game, and Plain City overwhelmingly defeated West Milton, last year's champions, this leaving Plain City, Delaware, Chagrin Falls and Mansfield to fight it out in the semi-finals the next morning.

After the Mansfield players had dressed they voted to go down to the famous Sulphur Spring on the college campus, and try the much touted water. While imbibing some of the liquid, Thuma was unfortunate enough to allow his tie to get into the water, and, as one of the party remarked he might just as well have reposed himself on a nest of antiquated hen's fruit, for the result was just the same, and poor Jay was forced to give his tie a

thorough scrubbing before all trace of the obnoxious odor was removed. The party then adjourned to an up-town soda fountain where they proceeded to quench their thirst with something far more palatable, after which they sought their beds, to obtain a good night's rest. But, alas! such was not to be the case, for several of the party, not being able to sleep themselves, seemed intent on preventing the rest from sleeping and kept grinding out "harmony" a large part of the night, varied now and then with several side-features, chief among which was a ghost dance in favor of Hughes and Brunk, who, after thoroughly awakening to the situation, made a determined assault with pillows and bed clothes and succeeded in expelling the intruders from their room.

Finally, however, things quieted down and everybody secured some good sleep, and they arose in the morning feeling fresh and ready to do battle with their opponents in the semi-finals to be played that morning.

Delaware and Plain City were to play the first game, and the Mansfield bunch dressed and went on the floor to witness this game, Delaware did not display the form that they did the night previous, and were outclassed from start to finish by the fast Plain City five, who won easily 35 to 22.

Chagrin Falls and Mansfield were now to meet in the other game of the semi-finals, and our boys went into the game determined to win, for if they won it would put them in the finals with Plain City, and also assure them one of the cups.

For the first ten minutes it seemed as if their hopes were to be blasted, for Chagrin Falls started off in whirlwind fashion, scoring nine points before our boys had made any. But Mansfield soon struck their stride and proceeded to even matters up, and when the half ended they were in the lead by several points. The second half was very close and exciting, first one team and then the other taking the lead, but field baskets by Remy and Hughes in the last few minutes of play, gave Mansfield the game, the score standing 33 to 30.

This left Plain City and Mansfield to fight it out for the championship in the afternoon, the game being a preliminary to the big game between O. W. U. and St. Lawrence University of New York.

Immediately after dinner our boys took a short nap and then proceeded to the gymnasium where they dressed for the game.

A large crowd filled the big gym as the time came for the game, and there was much enthusiasm as the two teams took the floor to start the game which was to settle the championship of central Ohio.

But from the very start of the game it could be seen that our boys were outclassed, for they showed the strain of going through two gruelling contests, while Plain City had only been forced to extend themselves in one game. They had much better team work than Mansfield and time and again they would work the ball up the floor by swift accurate passes, and rarely did they miss the shot for the basket. At the end of the first half they had rolled up 17 points to our 5.

In the second half Mansfield made a strong rally and made a much better showing, though the lead of their opponents was too great for them

to overcome, and the game ended with the score 33 to 17, and our boys were forced to be content with second place, which was no small honor in itself.

Most of the Mansfield party stayed to witness the game between O. W. U's. varsity five and St. Lawrence, and incidentally to see Eddie Palmer, the former high school star, perform. While O. W. U. was defeated in a hair-raising game, they had the pleasure of seeing Palmer play a star game, he scoring twenty-four of Wesleyan's twenty-eight points.

Some of the party were in favor of going home that night, but it was finally decided to stay over until Sunday noon, and see something of the town in the morning.

That night Mr. Marting duly rewarded the team for their good work in the tournament by taking the party to a moving picture show, where Hughes and Lehman had to be restrained to keep them from rushing up and embracing the girl that sang the illustrated song.

But all got out in safety and after patronizing the soda fountain the party adjourned to the fraternity, where they secured a much better rest than in the night before.

It was 9 o'clock before they arose, Sunday morning, and after eating their breakfast they went out to view the town. Several of the fraternity men accompanied them, pointing out all the points of interest, and the town quite conformed to their idea of how a college town should look.

Towards noon they sauntered back to the fraternity, where they secured their belongings, and after bidding goodbye to their hosts, they made their way to the depot.

The Cramster

'11

He was a phantom of delight;
He knew not A from B;
He never did a lesson right—
A charlatan was he.

He could not do a simple sum;
He never kept a rule.
He did not know a horsepower from
A cousin to a mule.

Despite that time was slipping by,
To raise his grades he'd never try.
If you'd say, "Study man or die,"
He'd make his peace and say good-bye.

By day he lingered in the halls
To twit the girls he met;
At night he pushed the ivory balls
And smoked the cigaret.

At last drew near the time for test—
The final judgment day;
When what he lacked should be confessed
And he receive his pay.

He felt his evil hour had come;
He knew that he was mighty dumb;
The thought of it was troublesome,
And left him feeling worse than bum.

He wailed, "O lure of cushion chairs,
O, strolling round with maids;
Would that I'd never practiced airs
And sought to get the grades.

But then his ma said, "Mus'n't fret
And look so sore distressed;
Just use the day remaining yet;
The Lord will do the rest."

A mother's prayer, a lack of lore,
Made Archibaldus cram.
He labored night and day before
The morning of exam.

The morning of exam came round
And when he got the test,
To his surprise and joy he found
That he was truly blessed.

Quoth he: "I'm glad that I did cram,"
And laughed in utter glee.
"O what a berry was the man
Who made this test for me."

And to this day you'll find him still
A'lounging round care free;
For when he needs, our hero will
Cram for eternity.

Science and the Beautiful

JAY W. FERREE

THE TRAIN of human thought runs in cycles: so say the modern psychologists, and Solomon proclaimed the same thing when he said, "There is nothing new under the sun." In the present stage of human development, poets and sentimentalists view the rapid strides of science with no concealed alarm, for they think they can foresee the time when its rude rule and exact demands will annihilate or curtail all the soothing sentiments, all the rich products of fancy and imagery of words, all the pictures of the imagination that have embellished literature and solaced the griefs of many a heart.

This oft-expressed fear and forecast is merely a half turn in the cycle of thought. Science, searching and unfeeling in its analysis may resolve the ancient galleries of gods into simply mythic representations of the forces of nature, it may set the cause of spiritual visions upon the action of the subconscious mind, it may dampen the belief in a God of Salvation, but, notice, it is already atoning for its cold-blood slaughter of reverence and beautiful thought. The subjects held as ideal in one century are resolved into facts for scientific attestation, in the next. The old chrystalline spheres in which the planets rolled burst into the "fourth dimension" as soon as a telescope was aimed intelligently into the sky. But in their place we acknowledge the chains of gravity which were beyond the imagination of conceptionists in the past ages. The frightening gorgons and dragons much sung in aged poetry were refuted as imagery by the laconic critic of history, but the Science of Geology now bends her knees in apologies and reparation and settles saurians and pterodactyls, of no less fearful natures, upon our pre-historic lands and waters.

Our thoughts, built up too ruefully weak, and our emotions, altogether inconstant, weave convolutions and pursue associations in the labyrinth of the brain in accordance and obedience to mathematically exact laws.

The transcontinental messengers of Edison and Morse outrival all conception of a fleet winged Mercury.

The field of poetry and wit is subject to immutable laws of the mind and New Thought is exploring these faculties as the material existence has been unearthed. Take what illustrations you will from any department and they all attest to the identical issue, that the incontrovertible facts of science float along on a current of pleasing, poetical, and fanciful impressions.

Have not the organic cells superposed the fairies and dwarfs of youthful folk-lore in the delicacy and activity of work?

Has not the art in painting and statuary been derived from a methodical study of the most symmetrical forms? Let a Geometrician ask an artist for the "line of beauty"; 'twill be the parabola of the former. In social com-

munication and love, graceful gestures are performed in curved lines. Why is an ellipse prettier than a circle? It simply is founded on the law that variation of line is essential to beauty of curvature. This is purely progress in beauty under the exact law of symmetry. Physicists say that colors have varied wave-lengths and that they touch and vibrate the rods and cones in the eye at varied velocities according to the color. An artist mixes the tints, places the colors side by side and produces a thing of beauty, unconscious that the waves of these tints merely strike the eye in serial order to produce the impression of associated beauty.

The greater Science becomes the larger and closer will be its critical review of nature but it will not crush nature's beauty of form or the spell of spiritual enchantment, nor the charm of the supreme work of nature.

Do we feel the same thrill of friendship in a hand-shake, although we know that the nerve-currents go down the arm at the rate of one or two hundred feet per second? Do we breathe different after we know the compounds of the air.

Do the Best You Can

V. DEAN

Just do the best you can each day,
And do not grieve, nor sigh, nor fret
Because you fail at first. To get
Success you must be firm alway.
Therefore, be diligent, sincere
Throughout the present year.

Just do the very best you can,
As each day comes along,
To keep from doing wrong,
'Twould be a most successful plan.
And when this month of June is gone,
You'll be plum full of joy and song.

Just do the best you can and you
Will never have regrets, nor will
You be ashamed. Your heart should thrill
With joy as you your work pursue.
Be sure you have no fear or doubt
To turn your face about.

Wireless

MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL is running over with students of great promise, among whom is one Chauncey Gates, who owns his own wireless station.

The senior class this year has on its roll many who are destined to become great characters. There are the poets, musicians, scientists and philosophers but only one disciple of wireless telegraphy. His name is Chauncey Gates.

Chauncey knows more about batteries, coils and amperes than any other genius in the school, with the exception of the old boy himself, and is the only operator up to date who can translate the raps of the wood pecker into Morse.

There has been some talk of establishing a government wireless station in Mansfield and if such is the case Mr. Gates, who has already filed his application will probably be assigned to the important office of operator.

Below is an account of the Marconi student's activities in his own words.

C. V. GATES

At the request of Prof. Hall, principal of the High School, I will give a brief outline of my work in the field of Wireless Telegraphy.

I had always been interested in the various means for electrical communication, so after working for some time with wire telegraphy telephony, my hobby changed to the study of wireless. Nearly three years ago I determined to construct an outfit capable of receiving messages sent out by stations hundreds of miles distant.

Knowing nothing but the general principal of the subject at that time, my first efforts brought only disappointment. The first instruments were crude and inefficient, as well as unbalanced and out of tune. Constant work and hard study finally brought out the defects, while better instruments were procured.

Then when every part was correctly adjusted, I began to hear from a score of commercial and ship stations. But I could not read them as they were sent at what seemed a terrific rate of speed. "Practice makes perfect," and by lots of practice they at last became intelligible to me.

At the present time I can hear and read messages sent out by nearly all the large stations within a radius of eight hundred miles. Cape Hatteras, N. C., and Cape Cod are heard with ease.

Mt. Vernon, Columbus, Delaware and Bucyrus amateurs who own large stations often send me as many as three hundred words at a time.

On April first I completed a powerful transmitter capable of sending out electro magnetic waves at least three hundred miles. Now I am in a circuit of stations strung all over the state. We talk to each other with perfect ease, and you may be sure that mine is a pleasant occupation for evenings at home.

The Poet

J. W. FERREE

His dreamy soul, transcending, oft obeys
 A hidden power within its mortal throne.
But still he loves to tread untrodden ways
 Triumphantly alone, yet not alone.

Bewitching fancies mould for him much mirth;
 Entranced, they oft fulfill his fleetest whim,
While every blessed product of the earth
 Offers itself for comradeship to him.

He sees a message in the shim'ring star;
 Some prisoned truth within this solitude
Of under-currents of the Things-That-Are,
 Where doubts and discontent dare ne'er intrude.

He finds much wisdom in the growing tree;
 It whispers secrets of celestial power.
He often is the rival of the bee
 That deftly woos the tender, fragrant flower.

When near the rippling brook he kind beguiles
 The secret of its smoothly chanted rhyme.
Upon his youth, upon his age he smiles
 Why mop? The soul lives in Immortal Time.

So when content he drifts from earth at last,
 This visitor to mortal dust, it seems
As tho he kept a sacred tryst and passed
 This world's soul-phase to other dearer dreams.

Modern 'Hermann und Dorothea'

MARGUERITE EICHELBERGER

"Zounds", said Jack Gould, "I'd been there long ago if that magneto would work right. It's getting dark and a storm's approaching."

By 'there' he meant the country estate his uncle had willed him. His Uncle Hezekiah had been rich and eccentric and had never been seen or visited by Jack. His decease was the cause of Jack's present situation.

The shades of darkness were deepening and the startling nearness of the storm induced Jack to strain the machine. His directions at Hereford had been the largest house on the right side of the road—indeed, he hadn't seen any very large house yet. "Guess I'll hurry a little"—his engine missed fire several times then altogether, the car rolled quietly to a stop.

"Thumpin' Jupiter, I'm in it now."

The rain began to patter around him in the dust. He could see nothing and the rain put out his matches. The lightning was uncomfortably close and he resolved to seek shelter. Several hundred feet down the road he caught a glimpse of a house in a bright flash and ran towards it, bumping heavily into the lamp of an auto, totally smashing it.

"Confound it!"—a flash of lightning showed the hood up and the car empty—"Huh, bet they're down too." The house was directly opposite; judging from his last view, and he was soon knocking a large knocker. No answer. With the impetuosity and boldness appropriate in this necessity or get wet, he pushed the door and entered. Doubting whether to advance or remain at the door, for the house was perfectly dark, he caught a tremulous feminine voice—"Are you one of the people that live here?"

"No" said Jack somewhat confused, then picking up courage—"Pardon me, but I just came in from the rain."

Lighting a match he discerned a very beautiful girl, of beauty he had always dreamed of, and for the first time in his life his heart throbbed with love, at first sight.

"I didn't mean to intrude, but my motor just broke down and I ran in out of the rain, for no one answered my knock."

The match burnt his fingers and lighted another with which he lighted a candle on the mantle.

"Why, I'm in the same predicament. My chauffeur has gone back for another car but I'm afraid he won't come thru this rain. I wonder where the owner of this house is? No one was—what was that?"

A low wierd sound came to their ears from somewhere in the house. It was repeated. The girl turned pallid and weakly whispered:

"The house is haunted!"

"Oh no," said Jack, "perchance someone is hurt or sick. We'll see if we can find them."

The beauty hesitated but, rather than remain alone, she followed him. They felt their way up the stair-case while the girl, terrified by an uncanny moaning, clung to Jack's arm. Reaching the top, Jack, holding the candle above his head, discerned no creaking skeleton or pale faced spook, but the form of a girl lying across the bed with her head buried in pillows. As they entered with the light the young girl turned a frightened face towards them,—

"Is the storm over? Who are you? I'm so glad somebody's come."

"We just came in from the storm," said Jack. "Where are your mother and father?"

"They don't live here," she answered. "I was the housekeeper of old Mr. Westfield, who died a week ago. Someone was supposed to come today."

Jack grasped the situation at once, responding: "He's here; I'm Jack Gould. Westfield was my uncle. Let's go down and get something to eat."

The servant quickly gathered a scant fare, and once at the table, Jack found the beauty's name to be Pauline Manor, living at Hereford, six miles distant.

"How lucky I got into my own house," he ejaculated.

"It's a dear house; how nicely furnished," she admired.

Jack watched her lips move, with covetous desires.

"Yes, but 'twill be so lonesome and empty without another inhabitant."

They had risen and were standing before the newly stirred fire. "Pauline, I am entirely at your mercy in love for you." He gently took her hand— "Pauline, I've loved you dearly from my first sight."

Slightly trembling, she gazed into the glowing coals. "How can you say such things? We've only known each—"

Without warning he gently seized her in his arms and pressed a sweet kiss upon her lips.

"Mr. Gould!"

"Hush."

She surrendered herself to this young man's caresses because of some immanent soul ecstasy; at first trembling but now calmed by perfect forgetfulness of all past and future. He gazed into her eyes that revealed sweet purity. His voice was now low, thrilling her with ineffable emotions.

"Oh, how I love you, I love you, I love you," he whispered slowly.

Her arms crept around his neck.

He shut off her echo of his last words by a long tender meeting of the lips.



Seniors Rechristened

Esther Barton—Eloquent, Brainy.
Russell Bissman—Reckless, Bluffing.
Anna Boyd—Artful, Buoyant.
Helen Eichelberger—Highstrung, Extravagant.
Jay Ferree—Judicious, Friendly.
Chauncey Gates—Careless, Good-humored.
Cloyd Helter—Clever, Humorous.
George Biddle—Grandiloquent, Brilliant.
Mary Irwin—Methodical, Industrious.
Helen King—Heedless, Keen.
Naomi Long—Notional, Light-hearted.
Francis Loomis—Faithful, Lovable.
George Leonard—Genteel, Leisurely.
Ruth Miller—Restless, Mythological.
Rhea Martin—Resourceful, Mischievous.
Carrie Ludwig—Consistent, Laconic.
Martha Leech—Modest, Loyal.
Richard Laver—Rational, Level-headed.
Viola Miller—Vivacious, Motherly.
Mabel Miles—Mature, Moderate.
Sadie Netting—Studious, Noiseless.
Miriam Rowland—Mysterious, Roguish.
Jay Thuma—Jolly, Teasing.
Ralph Rust—Revolutionary, Realistic.
Martha Sheriff—Mirthful, Saucy.
Myrtle Van Antwerp—Merciless, Versatile.
Leroy Willis—Lively, Wide-awake.
Homer Au—Hesitating, Apprehensive.
David Boals—Dignified, Buoyant.
Herbert Carter—Humane, Candid.
Byron Crider—Brave, Convincing.
Homer Fox—Honorable, Faultless.
Harold Grandon—Hopeful, Good-tempered.
Ray Kline—Resourceful, Kind.
Lawrence King—Likeable, Knowing.
Paul King—Punctilious, Kind-hearted.
Ward Prinkey—Wide-awake, Promising.
Paul Shafer—Practical, Shy.
Howard Sword—Hopeful, Social.
Clarence Wolff—Contented, Willing.
Clark Charles—Capable, Congenial.
Robert Carrigan—Romantic, Courteous.

Karl Henry—**Klownish, Harmless.**
Edward Longsdorf—**Even, Languid.**
Douglass Miller—**Diffident, Musing.**
Clarence Shill—**Capricious, Soft.**
Harold Creveling—**Headstrong, Cynical.**
Ellstatia Clark—**Entrancing, Cunning.**
Winifred Angle—**Warm-hearted, Accomplished.**
Fanny Ray—**Faithful, Reticent.**
Clara Balliet—**Constant, Bashful.**
Hazel Cashell—**Helpful, Conscientious.**
Gladys Downing—**Good-humored, Determined.**
Ruth Hale—**Reserved, Humble.**
Ruth L'Amoreaux—**Responsive, Loyal.**
Marguerite McClellan **Musing, Modest**
Harriet Nail—**Helpful, Natural.**
Ethel Seaman—**Entertaining, Serene.**
Zelda Shatzer—**Zealous, Studious.**
Edna Sonner—**Exact, Sympathetic.**
Mary Stull—**Mirthful, Strenuous.**
Pearl Wierman—**Painstaking, Well-bred.**
Iva Griffith—**Investigating, Grateful.**
Helen Gifford—**Hopeful, Genuine.**
Helen Lemon—**Happy, Lonesome.**
Anna Remy—**Animated, Responsive.**
Abbie Showers—**Audacious, Sprightly.**
Nellie Geisinger—**Nymphic, Grave.**
Lucile Upson—**Lightsome, Urbane.**
Mary Waring—**Merry, Winsome.**
Claribel Stoodt—**Companionable, Sentimental.**
Carl Stander—**Clamorous, Self-willed.**
Earl O'Brien—**Earnest, Obliging.**
Dio Shaw—**Deliberate, Sensible.**
Clinnie Painter—**Cheerful, Prepossessing.**
Dick Porch—**Dressy, Pleasant.**
Ina DeHart—**Impulsive, Dainty.**
Evelyn Ferguson—**Excitable, Fastidious.**
Eolis Greenlee—**Energetic, Graceful.**
Madge Gorman—**Musing, Good-natured.**
Louise Haag—**Lively, Humorous.**
Hazel Hawk—**Hearty, Hopeful.**
Helen Krohn—**Helpful, Kind.**
Marguerite Mulvihill—**Musical, Magnetic.**
Russel Upson—**Refined, Undaunted.**

Four Year Course in Athletics at M. H. S.

R. B. P.

THE highest ambitions of a boy leaving the Eighth Grade is to become a "Big Brawny Athlete" in High School. Of course when he is a Freshman he is still timid and even if he had a chance to show off he would not do it because he might get scratched. Consequently he goes through his Freshman Year wishing he had more nerve.

At the beginning of his Sophomore Year he screws up his courage and hands in his name for candidate for the Foot Ball Team. Mr. Marting feels a little dubious about him but the boy is so eager, that he finally decides to try him out. At the "First Foot Ball Practice" he tries to play quarterback. Another fellow runs into him, knocks him down and gives him the nose bleed. When he goes home and tells his mama, she tells him that he dare not play any more. Thus finishes his Foot Ball career as a Sophomore.

After much persuasion he finally gains his mother's consent and again decides to try his luck. He goes into Foot Ball with a different idea this time. For the first time he merely stands around and watches the other fellows play, and consequently gets in the road, tramps on everybody's toes and receives petty injuries (but they seem so big to mama). He goes into the game hard and receives much glory, which is shown by his being chosen Captain of the Foot Ball Squad for the next year. Now he gets his first M.

The fourth year opens with great prospects. The Captain of the Squad now goes earnestly to work. By the end of the season he is pointed out by every one, especially the girls, as the bright and shining light of M. H. S. Without even considering the subject he started right in for Basket Ball at the close of the Foot Ball season. Even mama was proud of her boy and he finished his career with flying colors and is the proud possessor of four M's.

A Sonnet

'11

A Force once souled some humble clay, Ah me!
He never asked my preference or consent,
But fashioned, with his hand to his own bent
Myself, this individuality.
Then planted me to grow like yonder tree
Not as I would but forced to stay content
With thriving as the soil and clime agree,
The myriad motions 'neath the firmament.
Now stands that Force apart from earth and rails
Because this slavish tree doth groan and break,
And to its bough fruition cannot bind,
'Tis He who sends the pelting rains and hails
On weakling twigs till they their leaf forsake
On branches soft with wormwood sends he wind!

The Joy of Doing

V. DEAN

The greatest joy in all this life—
It matters not how hard the strife
That you are in, or where you be,
At home or far beyond the sea—
 Is this, my friend,
 You may depend:
 The joy of doing.

Perhaps you think that work is low,
Degrading; but it is not so.
The boy who throws his time away
And lets his thoughts have idle sway,
 Can ne'er command
 Nor understand
 The joy of doing.

Your hands and brains were made to give
You freedom, strength, that you may live
A worthy man. Therefore, if you
Would get a nobler, grander view
 Of life today,
 Do not delay
 The joy of doing.

Where They Will Be Next Year

Winifred Angle—Wooster U.	George Leonard—Home
Homer Au—O. W. U.	Naomi Long—Teach
Esther Barton—College	Francis Loomis—Teach
Clara Balliett—Office	Edward Longsdorf—Office
George Biddle—Penn. State College	Carrie Ludwig—Teach
Russell Bissman—Wooster U.	Rhea Martin—Home
Anna Boyd—Post Graduate	Cloyd McCready—College
David Boals—Office	Marguerite McClellan—Office
Robert Bushnell—Western Reserve	Kathleen McClane—H. School
Herbert Carter—College	Mabel Miles—Teach
Robert Carrigan—Western Reserve	Ruth Miller—College
Hazel Cashell—Teach	Viola Miller—Teach
Clark Charles—Office	Douglas Miller—Office
Ellstatia Clark—Office	Marguerite Mulvihill—Music
Byron Crider—Office	Sadie Netting—Teach
Harold Creveling—College	Harriet Nail—College
Gladys Downing—Office	Edwin Oberlin—Home
Helen Eichelberger—Cleveland	Earl O'Brien—Western Reserve
Evelyn Ferguson—Teach	Clinnie Painter—Not decided
Jay W. Ferree—Harvard	Dick Porch—Not decided
Homer Fox—Office	Ward Prinkey—Penn. State College
Chauncey Gates—Wireless Operator	Fanny Ray—Teach
Nell Geisinger—College	Anna Remy—College
Helen Gifford—Home	Marian Rowland—College
Harold Grandon—Office	Zelda Schatzer—Office
Madge Gorman—Music School	Dio Shaw—Home
Eolis Greenlee—College	Albert Schad—H. School
Iva Griffith—Teach	Paul Shafer—Not decided
Ruth Hale—Office	Abbie Showers—Office
Cloyd Helter—O. W. U.	Carl Stander—Western Reserve
Louise Haag—Teach	Clarence Schill—Office
Carl Henry—Office	Edna Sonner—Office
Hazel Hawk—Teach	Martha Sheriff—Teach
Laurence Hughes—Post Graduate	Claribel Stoodt—College
Mary Irwin—Post Graduate	Howard Sword—Office
Grace Kern—H. School	Mary Stull—Office
Helen King—Wooster Uni.	Ethel Seaman—O. W. U.
Lawrence King—O. S. U.	Jay Thuma—College
Paul King—Harvard	Lucile Upson—College
Ray Kline—Bank	Russel Upson—Princeton
Helen Krohn—Post Graduate	Myrtle Van Antwerp—Teach
Ruth L'Amoreaux—Office	Mary Waring—College
Richard Laver—Farm	Ruth Webber—Office
Martha Leech—Teach	Pearl Wierman—Office
Helen Lemon—Teach	LeRoy Willis—Office
	Clarence Wolfe—Office

Our High School Seasons

K. L. B.

With the Springtime flowers of learning
The merry Freshmen grow;
The varieties, here, are so many,
That few they learn to know.
The grove, the forest, field and mountain,
Earth's fairest pictures show,
Of brightest sunshine, birds and flowers,
And many seeds yet left to sow.

Then, gentle Sophomore, wake from dreaming
In Summer's garden fair.
The frosts have gone, the rains have come,
And light breezes stir the air.
The sweetest perfume of the roses
The weeds may also share.
But alas, now cruel scythe,
Your wondrous task begins with care.

Then softly tread thou dear old autumn,
Junior season of the year;
Your beaker full of richest dyes
Keeps Jack Artist busy here.
Touched are all but the ivy green,
Twining wreathes for memories dear.
And the mirthful cricket chirping,
With voice so shrill and clear.

Sublime from the north next comes
Cold Winter—Senior—king of all.
To thee, O sculptor, stern and faithful,
Some mingled joys befall.
Carve thou with true steel chisel;
Shapen your models short or tall;
There's a master judge in waiting;
He'll perfect them: Mister Hall.

An Aspiration Pleasantly Blasted

G. M. W. '13

WITHIN twenty-four hours after Gwendolyn's arrival that late January afternoon, her hopes and ambitions were known throughout the length and breadth of the school. Miss Dale, that most capable young lady, the professional dryer of all newcomers' tears, the expert cases of home-sickness and promoter of general cheerfulness, had approached the newcomer that evening intent on allaying any possible qualms of homesickness, etc., that her charge might already have acquired. She noticed that the girl was good looking in a certain way, with thick yellow hair dressed in picturesque fashion, and large gray eyes which had a tendency to roll from side to side in an ill-at-ease, self-conscious manner. 'I'm afraid you'll feel a trifle lonely at first,' she began with one of her most suave smiles. 'Oh, no!' was the startling response, 'I'm used to being apart; I'm never lonely.'

'It's my ambition,' continued Gwendolyn, 'my talent. Nobody seems to understand, so I've worked on alone.' The 'alone' was tolled sadly and accompanied by one of those sweet die-away smiles that instantly roused her hearer's curiosity as to just what kind of talent the girl might be referring to. Suddenly clasping her hands about her crossed knees and striking a photographic pose, Gwendolyn asked: 'Do you think I look like Langtry? Lots of people have noticed the resemblance—that I am the born image of her, only more spiritual.' The clue had been found. Miss Dale beheld before her a late victim of that ever busy stage fever germ. 'Well, you're about her size and the shape of your face is something like Langtry's,' admitted Miss Dale. 'Yes, I guess it must be true,' replied Gwendolyn. 'At first I was awfully disappointed, for I wanted to be one of those thin, willowy, squirmy kind—like Bernhardt, you know. But when I commenced to get fat, why, I almost stopped eating for months, trying to stay thin; but it was hopeless, for I just kept right on getting fat. But I don't care much, for I know lots of people that think Langtry's better than Bernhardt, anyway. Which do you like the best?' Miss Dale evaded the question by asking, 'You wish to go on the stage?' 'I'd die if I couldn't!' exclaimed Gwendolyn. Here the string bell cut short further conversation and Miss Dale, having gained her room, laughed heartily over the whole affair. She thought of the words the girl's father had spoken that morning when he came to make final arrangements for his daughter: 'Gwennie's a good girl but she's got some silly notions. Her mother is dead, and I thought that what she needed most was a good school and some sensible women to look after her.' She agreed with him heartily now concerning the silly notions, but nevertheless she thought to herself with a little pucker growing between her brows, I only hope she is too silly to do anything foolish.

Gwennie was not especially brilliant in any of her studies, but as the same could be said of many other girls who made no pretensions to dramatic

talent, the faculty had no reason for complaint. She obeyed the rules, attended the recitations, was respectful to her teachers and amiable to her school-mates; and if she spent the recreation hours in memorizing and reciting scenes from some of her favorite plays it could hardly be called a misdemeanor. To be sure, she broke considerable crockery about her room and in one of her famous death falls had dislodged some plastering on the ceiling of the room below. Nevertheless, as both crockery and ceiling had been cheerfully paid for, Miss Dale's censure, though earnest and emphatic, was never over-hard.

In Miss Dale's literature class alone did Gwennie take an untiring and fervid interest, for the class was now engaged in the study of Elizabethan drama and Shakespearean plays. While other girls might pick out the shortest possible quotations to memorize, Gwennie would commit whole scenes and acts and recite them with such extravagant passion and eagerness as to cause the teacher to stop her with a stern command, in the midst of her selection. Like all true lovers of the stage, Gwennie admitted the claims of Shakespeare, but secretly in her own heart she considered McGrath the Immortal William's superior. The many popular plays which she had attended the previous season with an indulgent and unobservant father had caused her mind to be dangerously filled with many untrue impressions of real stage life, the result of which is now showing itself in her unnatural craving for the stage.

Some of the girls denounced Gwennie's notions as silly and ridiculous, while some of the romantic and sentimental ones sympathized with her ambitions. But nevertheless Gwennie's room was the gathering place of everyone in general and no one in particular, for here were sure hopes of entertainment, not unmixed with a delightful sense of novelty.

Among the trunks brought from home was one which contained a full counterpart of Langtry's costumes, made mostly of cheese-cloth and cotton-flannel, given the finishing touches by the addition of beads, tinsel, artificial flowers and other inexpensive but effective materials.

But it was while alone in her room that she produced her most touching and thrilling scenes. Tragedy, not comedy, was her sphere. She loved to groan and shudder and shriek, to tear her hair, to undergo most cruel tortures and to die violent deaths. Hysterical laughter, wild cries for help and mercy, coming from the direction of a certain room at the end of the hall, ceased to awaken any fear or apprehension in the hearts of her listeners.

The teachers wisely made no serious attempt to check or suppress the stage fever which by this time had seized many of the girls, knowing well how many fads come and go during the school year and that it would be over all the sooner by allowing the girls to work it off. Gradually the novelty, as predicted, wore off and the girls, one by one, sought new pastimes and pleasures. Gwennie alone untired of her art, while the teachers, knowing the fever had about run its course, relaxed into that tolerant amused state in which apprehension had no place.

It was in early April that the unexpected happened. Gwennie not having appeared at classes, a girl was sent up to investigate, returning in a few minutes with the astounding information that the room was void of any

occupant. Miss Dale, with fear in her heart, hastened to the vacant room to verify her growing suspicions. The bed had not been used and Gwennie's hat, coat, furs and street clothes were missing. Pinned to the pin-cushion was a note which ran: "I have gone out into the world to make my fortune. I have some money and if I need more I will pawn my jewels. But I will soon be making plenty of money and when I become famous I shall come back and see you all. Tell my father not to worry for I can be kept from my art no longer. If he is willing to give his consent to my course let him advertise in the newspaper." Despite the seriousness of the affair, Gwennie's reference to her "jewels," which consisted of two rings, a locket and chain and a brooch, brought a twinkle to Miss Dale's eyes. But when she set out a little later to send a telegram to Gwennie's father and to visit a local detective agency the twinkle had entirely left her eyes and she had resumed all her old time seriousness. In the evening Gwennie's father arrived, but the agency had so far met with little success in their search. They were working on the supposition that Gwennie would sooner or later apply to some theatrical manager or agency for work. The next day it was found that she had tried to obtain interviews with several managers, but had failed in all attempts save one. This "exception" good-naturedly told them of the interview. "Mighty handsome girl, that," he said, "but her ideas of stage life are all foam. She thought I would take her up in a second, start her out starring in 'The Blue Bird' at \$100 a month, etc. Oh, I have seen lots like her before. So I just laid it out plain to her; kind of rough, I know, but it's good for her, that talk is. Told her she wasn't so much as a beauty and hadn't the faintest twinkle of a star about her, etc.; that stage life isn't all acting, nor gaiety, nor applause, nor fame, but goes hand in hand with good, old-fashioned drudgery. Kind of seemed to bring those high notions of hers down a little and when she left she looked as if she was going to cry, but I guess I made her see the plain, cold facts of the thing." But as the clue started at this stage entrance, so it stopped there. No further trace of Gwennie or her fortunes was to be found that day.

About 9:00 that evening the maid tapped on Miss Dale's door with: "Please ma'am, Miss Gwennie has come back. I let her in and she has gone to her room; and she looks that puckered out with her eyes all swollen from crying that she looks fit to drop, poor dear." Miss Dale waited for no more but hastened at once to the returned wanderer's room at the end of the hall. All was dark within but by the light of the street lamps she could distinguish a bulky object lying across the bed, from which broken sobs issued. She walked quickly across the room and, by the side of the bed, said in a calm, cheerful voice: "I'm so glad you're come back, dear, your father has been so worried." No answer, but more convulsive sobbing. "Don't cry so. Nothing very bad has happened, has it?" "It was awful," exclaimed Gwennie, fairly bouncing in her wrathful indignation. "I went to lots of managers and hardly anyone would see me and—and one manager told me I didn't have a bit of talent—that I didn't know what stage life meant and that I should have to begin by doing their work. Think of it! Oh, dear." More gulping and wailing. "And they wouldn't take me in at lots of boarding houses, and when I did find one it was so smelly and—Oh,

they had hash for dinner, and I just loathe that—and the people were so queer—and then I went out and hardly any of the managers would see me—it was all terrible—and when I got back to the boarding house it seemed worse than ever and I just couldn't stay any longer so—so I slipped out when no one saw me and came back here and—oh, I feel so dreadfully ill and father and the boys will never forgive me, and—oh, d-e-a-r," she wailed forth finally, as a fitting retribution for all past sorrows and disappointments.

"Father and brothers aren't quite that bad," consoled Miss Dale, "and if you will give up your notions about the stage now, at least until—" "Stage," exploded Gwennie indignantly, "I never want to hear of it again." "Well," came the reply, "when your father hears that I don't believe he will be so very angry." Miss Dale arose, lit the light, and coming back to the bedside, felt the girl's hands and cheeks. They were burning with fever and in a few moments Miss Dale left the room to call in services of a physician.

Going down stairs a little later, she encountered Gwennie's father at the door, with an even more troubled and wearied look on his face than usual. "I don't suppose—" he began. "Yes," interrupted Miss Dale, "she's here, and none the worse for her experiences, I believe, except that she seems rather tired and will probably be ill from the excitement. I have already sent for the doctor." "I suppose," he began nervously with a queer little catch in his throat, "that I could have known my daughter a little better, but business was so pressing and I gave her money and thought that was all she needed. But if she will give me a chance yet—well, we'll see, we'll see." And with this he hurriedly ascended the stairs and went to Gwennie's room.

"What Makes You a Poet?"

An Answer

JAY W. FERREE

"Whence did it come?" No conscious thought of mine
 Could ere have delved and brought to light a theme
 So fitted to portray the thoughts that teem,
Revealed to sight as images divine.
Just as a dreamer in his dreams describes
 A form; from whence it came he does not know,
 Of what, he knows but what his fancies show;
But then he feels 'tis not by carnal eyes
He sees; his mundane eyes are far too coarse,
 But still 'tis there; it must have come in thru
 His soul, invoked by some strange retinue
Of mortal thoughts. From such a holy source
 Emerges Poems when a trance comes o'er
My spirit, magic wrought, I know no more.

Essay on the Spirit of the School

'11

"In order of time decoration precedes dress." The ornate has at all times predominated the useful. As a little boy I loved the atmosphere of Arabian Nights; now Ibsen is too poetical.

When the human race was as yet an infant, nature sang the lullabies of a thousand streams and to placate the restlessness so common to children dangled before its eyes a million diamonds. But things change.

Today, when the rivers run between great mills and factories and astronomy has been rescued from astrology, the practical observation is the one commonly taken. In other words, we are becoming practical. When school education was as yet a new thing, people sent their children to school because it was fashionable to be graduated; knowledge partook of the same nature as dress in that its reception followed where fashion led. Greek, Hebrew, and all manner of riff-raff were required in every curriculum and social career. Terms, words, songs, etc., were uttered less for the sense than the sound, the euphoniousness of which was determined by the fad.

The high school youth, the varsity pug appeared much like the puppet who comes out and executes some queer maneuver, is applauded for being a first rate fool and retreating, is counterpaned by each of his ilk in turn.

No one was entitled to respect or prestige without some sort of insignia appended to him, indicating that he was accessory to the inter-frat rivalry of the school. No instrument of torture was too savage to be applied to a hostile or verdant student. They would resort to this means and that; one fellow was put into the stocks, another they would lead shirtless into the blasts of the winter night. Many a mother's son was mercilessly baptized with his Sunday clothes on. Also the destruction of property by class '98 or '99" was more honorable often than grades.

The best high schools fell into disrepute. The best educators lost the respect of the community and the working men and people generally looked upon the college student as an inveterate Jackass.

Of course the authorities of the schools came to lament the popular tread. Exhortations and penalties only aggravated matters without bettering them.

The faculty consoled itself that "they also serve who only stand and wait," because it was the best they could do under the circumstances. They waited for the day when prevailing fashion should release her menacing grasp; when education, its acquirement and end should be looked upon as real, actual, practical and mathematical rather than a scheme to get a gilt-edged diploma and an end to hang it up for show.

Once disillusioned as to the purpose of education they felt that students would revolutionize their turn of deportment accordingly. And things do

change. Their hopes are coming to pass. The transformation is going on now. Algenon and Reginald will graduate soon. Then they will sink into obscurity. The student is returning to earth at last. Education sought nowadays is desirable for more than the fact of its being pleasant. It is more than suspected by even the Juniors of a school that education is desirable because it can be applied to the production of useful things. Education as a social asset merely is a failure. If it cannot fit a man to be a better, a more useful citizen and to bring a return in benefits to society, from the expense incurred in obtaining it, education on the person of any man is a fraud. Education, unless it is applied, i. e. unless it is of service to a number of people, sinks into the recesses of the unremembered.

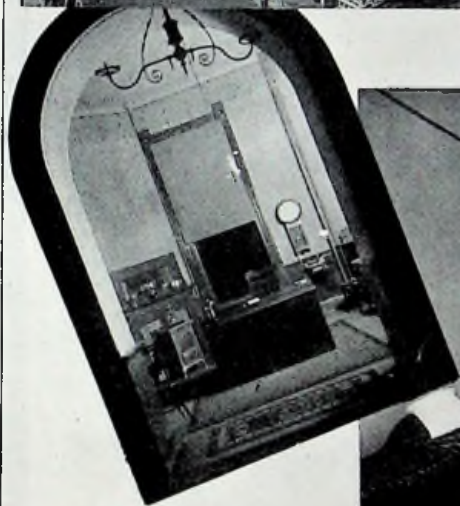
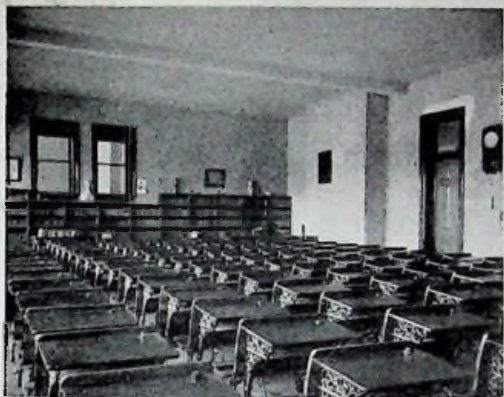
Besides, men must more than merely know; they must be able to do. Unless the energy stored up in the school can assist society later in doing its work, the quest of education is as insane as a wild goose chase.

As the students are impressed with this view of the matter they become more civilized in their deportment. Where once the student was an object of pity or contempt in the eye of the useful citizen he is now respected as one trying to make a better and a happier world to live in.

The clan, the frat, the demoralizing class spirit is fast disappearing and the forces hitherto set loose in destructive demonstration are being turned into intellectual pursuit.

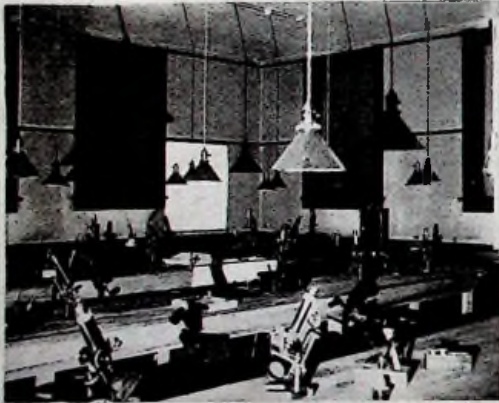
The school is represented by one color where once a dozen would not suffice. Even a Freshman is secure from the taunts and persecution of his upper class men. The faculty can teach instead of preach, lead instead of drive and educate instead of settling disputes and punishing insurgents.





THE YEIL MECHANICAL
ART CO.

WE'LL LOOK AT THIS IN DAYS TO COME



THE NEIL M.
ART CO.

TO REVIVE OLD MEMORIES

The Faculty.

Mr. H. H. Helter.....	Superintendent
Mr. H. E. Hall.....	Principal
Mr. E. L. Marting.....	Science
Miss Ruess.....	German
Miss Feldner.....	German
Miss Simpson.....	French & English Lit.
Miss Garrison.....	Latin & Common Branches
Miss Brown.....	Latin
Miss Dudley.....	English
Miss Aberle.....	Elementary Science
Miss Moore.....	Algebra
Miss Bostwick.....	Mathematics
Mr. Hunter.....	Mathematics
Miss Abbot.....	English
Miss Wenk.....	History & Civics
Miss Kemp.....	Study Room II
Mrs. Wagner.....	Study Room I
Mr. Bauer.....	Penmanship & Arithmetic
Mr. Feikert.....	Commercial Dept.
Miss Ballard.....	Art Department
Mr. Bellingham.....	Music
Miss Swaim.....	Rhetoricals
Miss McIlvaine.....	Office Assistant



OUR FACULTY has been called by various epithets:—benefactors, tyrants, counselors, task-masters, friends and foes; however, which ever phase of that possibility they have been named, it is reflected directly to our diligence and whole-heartedness or to our own laziness and selfishness. Who of us cannot decipher symbols of sympathetic self-sacrificing charity and heroic patience on the features of those who have meritoriously suffered the vicissitudes of the daily routine of school tutorship; do not the eyes of those who have not yet become inured to the inconveniences and pangs of their difficulties, express earnestly a desire to supply our needs if we but ask? Perhaps we do call them by pet names, jest and laugh about them, but what does it matter. There is not one of us that will not recall pleasantly some peculiarity of speech, pet expressions, foreboding states of anger or amusement on their features, oddity in step, eccentricities in dress and posture or the hobbies they cherish. Perhaps it will take the passage of time to show some of us how greatly we are indebted to them,

but this interval can but increase the value of those dear memories of intimate relations in which we have moved.

To enumerate the advantages we have derived from their instruction both in regular classes and in private conversation would be needless to those acquainted with the instructors. In every instance, there is in each of us something belonging to those who have furnished us the opportunity for progress; even in those fields where our share is the largest it would not be fair to declare ourselves alone responsible for the treasure.

We are prone to fret over much evidently unjust and outrageous treatment by the teachers but we must consider that much provocation for similar treatment is often left unnoticed and that the former symptoms are but a momentary depletion of their human mercy. Who would wish to carry away a grudge against a preceptor whose energy has been devoted unflinchingly to us and the memory of whom shall become dearer and clearer the more the accumulated knowledge shall have faded?

Occasionally we have had individual dissensions with the teachers, but we have only to go and say "pecavimus" and the bitterness is wafted where the wind listeth. Some day as we look back thru the many years that have elapsed, those memories which we have established during the happy four years of our High School course, will become sweeter and more precious and none will be more often recalled and more mused upon than those memories of the noble men and women who have directed and moulded us into better shape, who have made many allowances, and who saw in us not the weakness of poor creatures, but the possibilities yet to be revealed.



Mansfield Board of Education

Arnold Kallmerten	President
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PROF. H. E. HALL, PRINCIPAL



Senior Class Officers

President	-	-	-	Ward Prinkey
Vice President	-	-	-	Ray Kline
Secretary	-	-	-	Mary Irwin
Treasurer	-	-	-	Edward Longsdorf
Sarg. at Arms	-	-	-	Albert Schad

Commencement Speakers

Helen Gifford, Salutatorian	Latin
Esther Barton	English
Louise Haag	German
Eolis Greenlee	French
Viola Miller	Domestic Science
Earl O'Brien	Mathematics
Edwin Oberlin	History
Ward Prinkey	Natural Science
Jay Thuma	Physical Science
David Boals	Commercial Arts
Russel Upson	Manual Training
Mary Irwin, Valedictorian	Domestic Arts

FRANCES LOOMIS

Is as conscientious as the day is long. She has consistently chosen a place very near the first rank in scholarship. She is one of those persons who stand for quality. A personification of tenderness and friendliness. Much might be summed up when we say—She is a very sensible girl.

WARD PRINKEY

Ward is indeed a business man. Has gained the presidency of the class, giving efficient and energetic management. His affections are very obviously concentrated. He has a straightforward approach and pleasing directness. Rides continually his hobby of photography. Probably it is interesting to know Ward first vegetated in Pennsylvania.

VIOLA MILLER

Viola is a jolly, good-natured girl who spends most of her time studying domestic philosophy. Her store of fun is inexhaustible, but when she has convictions, she has the courage to stand by them. Chatters like a magpie and would rather superintend the dinner hall than study. Always doing something for someone else.

ETHEL SEAMAN

A pleasing, unpretentious and lovable girl. Faithful and unreserved in respect to her affections. She is cheerful, jovial and always presents a happy trend of thoughts. Kindly and affable.

JAY THUMA

A droll, good-natured youth who would rather have a good joke than eat a turkey dinner, and he generally accomplishes his purpose in making you laugh. Very courteous to the fair sex and never happy unless doing them a favor. Stars more in football and basketball than in class.





CLINNIE PAINTER

Joyous, pleasant and frank. Desirous of being agreeable to all. Never goes to extremes in anything she does. Prudent and thoughtful, she has the good will of all. She is tender, careful and comforting.



CLARENCE WOLF

The boy that makes no disturbance. Why? Oh, he's in love. Tends strictly to business; will make an efficient business man when he grows up. Demands law and order. Studies evenly and diligently. Has many praises and commendations.



HAZEL CASHELL

Thorough, judicious and studious, but not at all opposed to comical plights. She is gentle and refined, uniform and knowing. Delights in serious meditation and receives all associates alike.



DAVID BOALS

A little man with a big voice. He has a happy disposition tinged with an inclination for a roaring good time. A gay Freshman, an awakened Sophomore, a studious Junior, a loyal Senior. He looks harmless, but he isn't. He had some "sporty" tendencies last year but has reformed; has a Bill Nye brand of humor and is a champion rough-houser.



HERBERT CARTER

Here is a modest, reserved young man with little to say on any subject, but usually enough upon some to get good grades. He has few sentiments which he thinks worthy of propagating, does not lose his temper if he misses a shot but is capable of considerable wrath if bored too hard.

HELEN GIFFORD

This is the salutatorian of the class and she knows it. She has maintained her high record thru the entire course. Is exuberant in her "x's," "sines," "tandents," etc. It is said she just loves to dance, but it causes her no distractions.



DIO SHAW

Shaw is a noble war-horse of the first rank. He is whole-souled, generous, husky and athletic with a too great disposition toward the latter. Takes a practical view of life, and especially the weaker sex, whose society and favor he courts.



NAOMI LONG

If she is haughty, she has a great number of commendable traits that overshadow it. When she wants a thing she is impetuous about it; when she don't, she don't. Her choices are usually good. She does not affect to be what she is not.



RICHARD LAVER

Richard wants to be different and likes to "show a teacher up." Somewhat of a math-shark, is reserved, cool, says nothing unless it is good, works hard and consistently, reasons out his own physics, works problems in his head, has a lack of enthusiasm, but remarkable ability; has a lot of energy which he never seems disposed to spend.



RHEA MARTIN

Popular, certainly; who could help but like Rhea? She is absolutely unassuming and always maintains a pleasant mien and a jovial disposition. Inclined to make the boys loiter in the hall. But furthermore, she makes good recitations.





ABBIE SHOWERS

Versatile, facetious and inquisitive. Approves of occasional comic plights. She is brisk, active and presumptuous. Develops a studious spell at various times.



CLARK CHARLES

A well groomed fellow who presses his apparel every morning and combs his hair many times a day. Thoroughly businesslike, popular, steady and can work outside of school and still get his lessons well. Has a military carriage and a welcome smile. Designed as a social conqueror.



HELEN EICHELBERGER

No one likes to have amusement more than Helen. Prefers society more than school work. She is refined, exact and amicable. Generally jolly and cunning, but at times rather melancholy.



BYRON CRIDER

A thorough business gentleman of good quality. Always looks out for the best opportunities, the pretty girls and school ethics. Honored the class by being president last year, looks forward to graduation as the unshackling of the chains for greater achievement and greater importance.



CLOYD HELTER

Cloyd likes diversions in class and elsewhere. He is jovial and has gayety of manner. Can do much bluffing in case of necessity. Has boyish curiosity and likes freakish questions. Contributes a voice in the Male Quartet.

HOMER AU

He is somewhat of a mathematical shark, also propounds his own philosophy and thoroly believes in it. His social propensity is a modest inobtrusiveness. He says he will be a famous Electrical Engineer.



RUSSEL UPSON

A person upon whom great responsibilities shall be placed, essentially a man of the world. Friendly, unaffected, pleasant and sympathetic. The fates happily decreed he should graduate with a class worthy of the honor of his membership. The seniors can feel that they have a friend of life long influence.



MARTHA SHERIFF

Martha is light-hearted, vivacious and capable. A popular girl.



EARL O'BRIEN

Earl has gone thru four years of High School life without forgetting what he came for. That is to say he gets his lessons and minds his own business. He is distinguished for scholarship and modesty; he is capable, unassuming, persistent, earnest and conscientious. A person to whom positions of responsibility and importance can be intrusted.



CHAUNCY GATES

Here is a practical prodigy, a specialist at that. If he hasn't his lesson he has devoted his time to wireless. Likes to spring a joke especially on himself. Has a home-compiled physics book in his brain. Prefers figurative language or vague terms with abstract words. Never known to endorse close study.





ZELDA SCHATZER

Tranquil, artless and capable. Always favorable to the teachers. She is compatible, confident and precise in her conduct. Generally engaged in study. Fosters sensible and refined considerations.



DICK PORCH

Dick is a thoroughly good fellow. He delights in a good time but is still somewhat studious. Rarely gets angry and has a very even temperament. He is courteous to the fair sex, refined and dressy.



MARY WARING

Demure, winsome, tactful. She looks as if she had never seen the dark side of things. Should you ever meet her when she failed to smile you would know something dreadful was going to happen. Perfect sincerity, the finest consideration, the gentlest friendliness and self-forgetting generosity.



ANNA REMY

A very amiable girl, contriving for a good-time at all occasions. For better or worse she is an excellent young lady. Abhors haughtiness and favors equality of her associates. She is observant of all traits and is parsimonious in criticism.



EDWARD LONGSDORF

Edward is one of the favorite children of Mansfield's athletic meadows. He is a peerless manipulator of the spheroid in any of its forms. Somewhat moderate on school work, looks to the safety of the girls frequently, and is a "good-timer among the boys.

JAY W FERREE

Friendly and idealistic. Has delved into all kinds of philosophy and psychology, dashes of love poetry galore, and is fond of 'New Thought.' Studious, capable and generous — no wonder he is popular.



MARY STULL

Here is the personification of expected happiness. She seems more experienced than most of our girls. Has quite a sense of humor, an artistic musical voice, and very determined tastes. She manifests what she is—no veneer. no sham---herself.



DOUGLAS MILLER

Here is a fellow as athletically inclined as seldom happens. Is an enthusiastic follower of all sports. If he were only a little heavier he would be a star. Somewhat dignified in civilian clothes but pretty fellow all-around. Never allows the to distract his studious intent.



MARTHA LEECH

Martha is devoted to and school work. Sustains manner and steady efforts are never futile. make a capable teacher always appropriate for

MARY IRWIN

As the valedictorian of our class be included in the category of scholars. manner is quiet, calm and touch- with a smile that is charming when it comes to fall upon you. We do not know whether it is her virtue; her good taste, unpretentious goodness, or her ability, that makes everyone admire her.





MARIAN ROWLAND

Do you hear the teachers applaud? Quiet, demure, attentive, always prepared, never out of order. Teachers would teach for the sheer pleasure of teaching if all the pupils were like Marian.



HOMER FOX

Would that we had more like Homer. We can say we are glad to have him graduate with our class. He is straight-forward, honorable and studious. Sympathizes with everybody and has well-founded ideas on social ethics. He is inclined to be thoughtful and persistent.



WINIFRED ANGLE

She is very agreeable and pleasant and remains the same in rain or shine. She is the type that needs a little fun to make her real; in other words too consistent for a girl. She is an authoress and has what is popularly known as a facile pen. Jolly though fond of deep or difficult.

versatile, witty and favorable to
plays a popular role in High
the funny parts in the
be pleasant and obliging
of manner. He is trust-
able in necessity.

When at times is known to study, at others not. Easily distracted by occasional incidents, and has lots of confidence in her teachers. Nevertheless she is still more studious than inclined to society. Has a goodly amount of domestic common sense.

HAZEL HAWK

Hazel always is seen studying or tending to business of some kind. Always ready to help someone else. Is quite fanciful and uses her imagination in writing. It is said she never studies in vain and maintains a high standard of scholarship.



GLADYS DOWNING

Always happy, jolly and good-natured. Never misses a chance for amusement. Loquacious, bewitching and cunning.



PAUL KING

Paul is the practical side of the family and came from Washington with his brother. Is distinguished for scholarship and modesty. Has quiet, serious and mature propensities. Though ever ready to lend a hand, he avoids the lime-light. His chosen profession is a construction engineer.



EOLIS GREENLEE

Here is a young lady who never acts without thought and deliberation. Her voice is soft and musical, her manner modest and shy. She believes that pleasure is good but that duty is first. When all of her lessons are prepared she will take up the crayon and draw us a picture.



RUSSELL BISSMAN

My, what a man Russell will make. Has energies fit for a governor. Couldn't keep still if he had to. Studies some, plays more. Is whole-hearted, witty, and a speed-maniac. Realistic at times and somewhat of a bluffer.





RUTH HALE

Ruth is a thoughtful girl, intent upon making the most of her high school life in study as well as pleasure. Is a clever conversationalist and susceptible to amusing distractions. However, she employs judicious disposal of her time.



HELEN LEMON

Joyous at most times, scarcely serious. Likes to stand in the halls and charm the passing youths. Doesn't want to be an Alumna but would rather remain at school. Has exuberant spirits that know no limitations. Has a peculiar mixture of enthusiasm and sincerity.



HAROLD GRANDON

A consolable lad with friendly qualities if he is rightly approached. Never has been "called upon the carpet" and is industrious. Has facile fingers for the typewriter, a hearty smile for friends, and an orotund voice that will soothe some maiden's heart.



CARRIE LUDWIG

A student that has never wavered from her wonted pace in high school through these four years. Has studied hard but is somewhat flustered at recitation. Is the kind that knows more than we think.



HELEN KROHN

Helen is quiet and demure until one gets acquainted with her. 'Tis said, "She was kindly and mild, who peacefully studied and smiled." She says, "It's not fun, but when it is done, I feel like a virtuous child." Books hold some charm for her, but still she has time for those that need her help.

RUTH MILLER

We have here a good-hearted, good-natured girl. In conversation she has all the volubility of a woman; she is light-hearted, easily tickled and is never so well contented as when her teachers are pleased.



CARL HENRY

Is a phenomenon of good-heartedness, can make the most serious people smile and attract attention from the highest. Carl has no particular aspirations and can attribute his great host of friends to the quality he possesses of being natural even if he doesn't always appear at his best.



LOUISE HAAG

Did you ever see a lively girl? Here is one, indeed. Takes the school by storm and is amiable to all the teachers. Rushes thru the hall like a rabbit and is one of the few who argues with H. E. H. on petty questions. She is somewhat audacious and daunted at nothing. Always a fine student. Raps the Freshman boys on the ears.



GEORGE BIDDLE

An extra extraordinary person is this. A mighty orator, a poet, a Socialist exponent, and edits a large paper outside of school. Has a vocabulary from Shakespeare. Would rather disagree and argue than eat a lavish dinner.



PAUL SHAFER

Paul is a youth of many interests. Sometimes purports to run a photo factory. He has played a quiet and reserved role; is dubbed proficient in art and music. He usually deliberates but generally it is worth while. Has drawn many pictures for the annual.





EVELYN FERGUSON

The imposing fates demand that she be a school teacher. May she infuse some of her nature in her pupils. She is unpretentious, careful and intelligent. Never known to be morose, and charms us with her soft voice.



ELLSTATIA CLARK

A quiet, pleasing and refined little girl who has as great a predilection to study as enjoyment. She is obliging and alert for the convenience of others. likes to be amicable and candid to all.



ROBERT CARRIGAN

A thorough business man; pleasing intentions and humorous in disposition. Delights in having something to do and abhors superficial ideas. Generous and thoughtful for conveniences of others. Slightly disposed to athletics.



INA DEHART

A calm, careful little girl who always conforms to the desires of her teachers. Efficient in answers and judicious in questions. Fosters a well-founded estimate of life. She is discreet and refined in disposition.



FANNY RAY

A very studious, delightful and sensible girl. Has gained a high standard of scholarship. She is even and thoughtful, and always pleases the teachers. Prudent, laudable and virtuous.

PEARL WIERMAN

"Speech is silver; silence is golden". Here is something that is pure gold. She is noble and practical too, in her regal maidenhood. Never loses an old friend and prefers cautiousness in choosing new ones. Habitually would do twenty hours of work in a day and never say a word about it. Has good common sense characteristics.



GEORGE LEONARD

George awaits the passing time liesurely and undistracted. Like most boys has a weakness for society. Appears at school every other day and conscientiously seeks to adorn himself with a diploma.



HARRIETT NAIL

A studious girl with a good dispositon towards all. Is not too reserved for a little amusement at times. She is never discomposed and never makes an ill-directed effort. Is good natured and sympathetic when acquainted.



EDNA SONNER

Formal and devoted to her work. Cares nothing for shallow remarks and impotent witticisms. Faithful, sincere and candid. Wholely desirous of pleasing her teachers. She is effective in aim and docile in nature.



LUCILE UPSON

A synonym of vigor and ardent delight in all amusement. Always pleasant and smiling. Somewhat careless of minor cares but cautious and particular in those of greater significance. Always friendly and uniform.





MARGUERITE MCCLELLAN

Cheerful, watchful and even. Delights in recreation at times. She is keen and active looking to the accomodations of her friends. Quiet and discreet in discipline. She is warm and cordial in her acquaintanceship.



ANNA BOYD

No one ever saw Anna angry. She is always good-natured, merry, and kindly, nor is she indifferent to her studies. Likes to mingle with others and is friendly in general. So indisposed to leave school that she will return as a post-graduate.



ROBERT BUSHNELL

Robert is a friendly youth with a kind word to everybody, Is mild and reserved but likes humor and excitement. He plays remarkable Basket Ball, and studies if not distracted. Devotes much time to reading.



CLARIBEL STOODT

Claribel is serene, charming and friendly. Participates in occasional distractions for amusement. She is candid, and intelligent in her tastes. Pleasing in her unpretentiousness and delightful in kindness. A girl of quality in character.



RUTH L'AMOREAUX

Always pacific and contented. Permits no disturbance of her conciliatory and prudent intentions. She is mild, obedient and respectful; but still amused at any worthy humorous digression from seriousness.

MADGE GORMAN

Here we have a pleasing girl of humorous intentions. Is kindly and considerate, and has a sympathetic spirit; at sundry times she manifests a thoughtful, studious appearance.



ESTHER BARTON

Quiet and unassuming yet ready for a good time and lots of fun. Here's to the girl who has failings but few, here's to the girl who is sweet, for here is a girl who'll always be true, no matter how seldom you meet. Displays true grace and genial courtesy.



EDWIN OBERLIN

There is never any questions as to his views on people and things. Talks with a plaintive drawl and has a forcible laugh. Has a bluffing knowledge of all subjects, among other things he has dabbled in Basket Ball. Walks like a military adherent, and in general is congenially dignified.



MYRTLE VAN ANTWERP

Myrtle started in well and has kept faithfully to it. Doesn't laugh quite as much as formerly. Has a jovial disposition and a pleasant way of seeing divers things. Maintains an erect and queenly bearing. Is a paradoxical personification of tenderness combined with unrelenting dignity.



LEROY WILLIS

Here is a symbol of versatility. Plays Football, with other athletics. Can talk, argue and fight when on the right side. Has a heavy laugh and voice that tells us he has drifted here from Colorado, three years ago.





HELEN CLINE

She is serene and composed. Has a soft, gentle voice. Cautious in her preferences and charming in manner. She is open, deliberate and concise. Never in disagreement or dissensions.



RALPH RUST

"Rusty" is a synonym for quiet perseverance. He ranks among the rare philosophers who think more than they attempt to utter. Exceedingly well-read, argues on any subject. Jovial disposition, enthusiastic talker loses his temper when rubbed the wrong way. His real work is done behind scenes of school life. He is a great worker and the sort that always gets there.



MARGUERITE MULVIHILL

Marguerite is studious, thoughtful and deliberate. Perfectly frank and sincere. Always pleasing to her companions and friendly to all. She is musical, gracious and conscientious.



LAURENCE KING

Laurence originated in Entiat, Washington, and arrived at Mansfield in time for his senior year. Has a strong circle of friends, is contented, and gets into things just enough to show proper spirit. Somewhat of a "FUSSER", and likes to have the girls like him. Is obliging and goes in for class stunts and athletics.



MABLE MILES

At times quiet and calm, but not entirely destitute of liveliness and buoyancy. Has a moderate bias for serious study. Manifests sincerity and carefulness in all that she does. Never engages in disagreements with her friends.

IVA GRIFFITH

Quaint and quiet, studies much and writes stories. She usually is inclined to deliberate, with good results. Has learned to depend upon herself for the performance of necessary tasks. Never asks questions impertinent to the subject and never has changed her usual demeanor.



CLARENCE SHILL

Clarence is a loud, continuous talker. However, his talk is always of the most cheerful character; he always has a hearty greeting for everyone he meets, and always has the last word in a dispute or comic dialogue. He is somewhat of a business young man, and no doubt his cheerful attitude toward everyone is of great assistance in this very important line.



NELL GEISINGER

For a demure, quiet maid, here is the ideal. She is an unassuming business girl, usually occupied with her lessons. Unlike most high school girls she is not generally speaking and doesn't like to be bossed. She has deliberation and perfectly good common sense.



HOWARD SWORD

A happy youth who can do two things at once—go to school and work for the Penn. R. R. Co. Fluent in originality of jokes and witticism. Several Freshman girls have asked the name of this handsome grind-editor. Never was angry, nor entirely at peace with the teachers. Never read a dry scientific book in his life.



CLARA BALLIETT

A gentle, peaceable girl with sociability enough to enjoy facetious performances or caprices. Pleasing and continuously kind. Always finds time for her studies which are never neglected. She is dutiful and obliging.





HAROLD CREVELING

Harold is a participant in numerous school activities. Directs his favors toward society and shares athletic enthusiasm. At times fanciful, and is eager to attack the world's problems.

CARL STANDER

Exceeding hilarious, sonorous and affected. Has the habit of singing in the quartet, also of "kidding the girls." Doesn't study more than necessary, consequently has a big time. Lacks a universal spirit of society. Prefers athletics to the more serious characteristics of the school.



Senior Meditations

JAY W. FERREE

AS FRESHMEN we issued from a nebulous state violently discussed in theory and in fact by the various faculty members. We wish to dwell on this point because there is a state of mind that will unquestionably give rise to a great host of primitive stories. In Freshmanism our development was still almost in the first stage, but there were united to this several conceptions belonging to a low scale of culture, ideas that could be traced directly to home-made philosophy.

No chapter in our school history would illustrate so well, if duly executed, the progress of a class association as that of our class in its first year. It is by the irony of Fate that in writing the history of such an extraordinary class we must begin with the story of our infantile vexations against our predecessors. Our earliest inference was the policy of absolute disregard for imitating the superior classes which seemed to be trudging thru a besieged quagmire, dodging disastrously the dainty shots of the examiners. In our Sophomore year we viewed the foreign classes with much less hostility and with more respect, we were now surveying the institution from a higher rank, but neither did we taunt those on the "degrees by which we did ascend." I dare not recount the individual struggles of that eventful year for fear this History should be classed as a new "Who's Who."

With manageable enthusiasm we engulfed our Juniorship still wearing a manifest hardihood, but our development—those seeking pseudo—history highly-spiced with hyperbole and breakneck-feats of imagination must look elsewhere—our development was colossally evident, encompassing many subjects other than those imposed upon us. It was at this stage of our progress that we perpetrated many concerted class functions about the city under the custody of society. About this time the faculty without dissention acknowledged the urgency of introducing the 1910 Seniors into our social crew which was effected festively. Since that date to the present the heights to which our social achievements have reached, have been bounded only by the regulations of propriety of frequency.

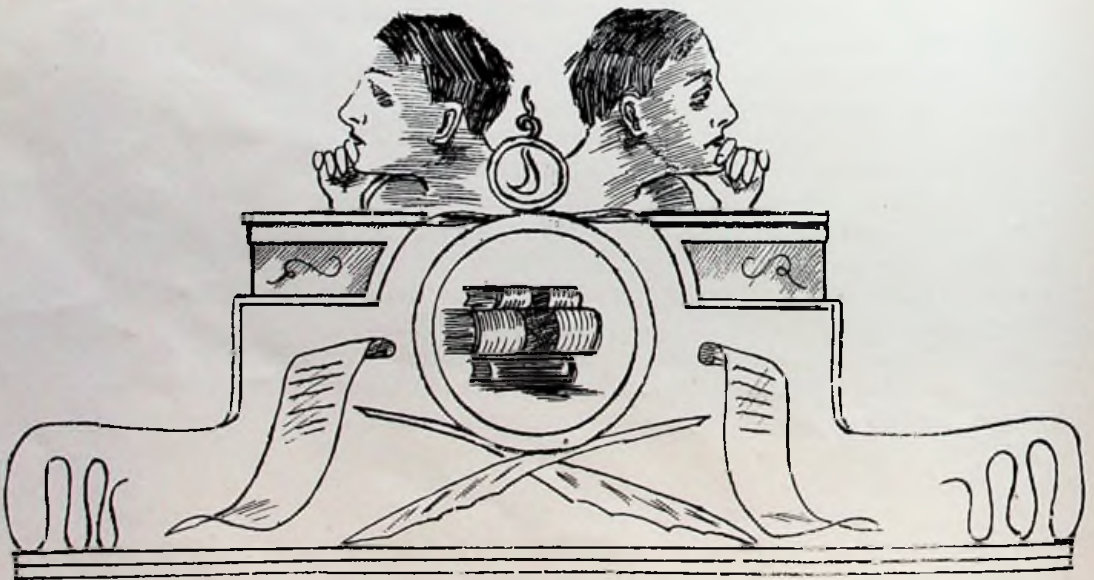
But Tempus Fugit! How we ended the Junior year is down in the annals as an honorable effort, followed by a successful administration. It has been said that "The most important thing a student does in school, is the making of reminiscences." Our class has popularized this statement to such a degree that were I to mention everything worthy of being recalled that has engendered importance in this class, I would over-run my allotted space. When a new event was enacted in our career, that of gaining the Senior year, we were awakened by the suddenness of it all. Looking back has been one of the things that we have always avoided. We looked forward every minute. However, as this is our final year in concert, we dare to scan our past under-classmanship, decrying the by-paths traveled by those who

have departed to different fields of experience. We have always felt a singular charm about school life which does not reach elsewhere. There is much intercommunication, in which one searches without suspicion; all presumptions are good, there is no responsibility of proving yourself of pecuniary suitableness, and life-long friendships are formed without consideration.

As we poise at the apex of our High School education and realize that we are about to mingle with an undomestic sea of strugglers a flood of reflections rush upon us, as they rush on him who has attained the goal of his ambition, scarcely knowing whether to rejoice or lament. But, fortunately, our attainment is but on a flight of life's stairs; there are stairs below us; there are stairs above us; many of which ascend beyond our vision. Moreover, we are not on the stairs alone, but there is an accompanying balustrade, the faculty, efficient and willing, to which we have adhered, and by which ill-fated steps were remedied.

If to our readers these remarks have seemed self-lauditory, they have been wrongly interpreted, it is merely pointing with just pride at our accomplishments.

Forgetting the unpleasant things that are behind, we look forward to the future, and say in our hearts: "Tomorrow, to fresh fields and pastures anew."



Senior Class Poem.

J. W. FERREE

The verdant bud would fain become a flower,
And mix its fragrance with the soft sunshine;
The ardent blossom, nursing Life Divine,
Awaits the coming of the fruitful hour;
The youthful lover brooks his barriers best
When yearning for his "Love" pressed to his breast.
So, thus, Impatience breeds within our heart
Sweet dreams of Life with thots too 'tranced to part.
Expectancies o'erwhelm our chance regrets;
We gaze beyond our wistful waning year;
The eager essence of our mood forgets
To note the present things that disappear.

Infused with Hope, High School, we picture thee
A kind of bridge that joined two separate lands,
The old and worn was like the sea's bare sands,
The other one is filled with things to be.
We touch the spring that lifts the latch of Fate
We have the key that opens wide the door;
The threshold passed, a guide shall indicate
A course we carve ourselves, just as before.
But oftentimes just as the breezes bear
A pleasant sweetness from the summer rose,
We needs must carry in our heart a care
And thought upon our previous joys and woes.

Now we have stepped into a puzzling field,
Wherein we must persue a traverse course,
Along the luring tracks that leisure yield,
Or, keenly, started from the self-same source—
A worthy aim—a grand and noble path,
That leaves behind in records plainly wrought,
The broken shreds of many evils fought,
And precious vaults or tomes of after-math,
Which later Mortals widely will reveiw
As works of those whose name will always live,
And constantly our methods wisely woo,
For wisdom and the precepts that they give.

Class Prophecy 1911

RHEA MARTIN

The fates were spinning swiftly
The diverse lives of all,
When I disturbed and asked them
What to my class should fall.

As on they sped more deftly
With distaff, thread and shears,
One sister looked up vaguely
And thus she told the years.

The class of nineteen eleven
Sustains the following fate,
A curse to them who doubt it,
The stuff that I narrate:

I plainly see while weaving
The fellow Carrigan—
And Cauldron, bubble, trouble
Since Robert married Ann.

And Clark's gone to the country
To live with Pickel Shaw.
Ted Oberlin is preaching
Divine and Civic law.

Paul Shafer is an artist
Who loved his model dear.
She married him, (Naomi)
And leads him by the ear.

Marion Rowland and Myrtle
Van Antwerp as of yore,
Are learning their's verbatim
In "Buster's" parrot store.

Back home went Earl O'Brien
Unto the Emerald Isle,
When Sadie Netting promised
To go along, meanwhile.

At last his dream's come true.
Has socialism won?
George Biddle now is satisfied
That heaven's just begun.

Winifred and Ruth Webber,
The Upson kids as well,
Are quite as good as ever.
But tut—no more I'll tell.

A school mistress is Fannie,
Whose pupils are so dense
That Helen King makes ponies
And thus the flunks prevents.

When Jay acts cute for Clinnie
Then Clinnie calls him dear.
When Ruth Hale marries Willis,
It's a cold day—do you hear?

Ellstatia Clark is making
Umbrellas for Abbie Showers,
While Bissman looks at Helen
And says; "The world is ours."

From Mansfield to the senate
That Thuma boy was sent.
Louise is now a'showing
Beneath the circus tent.

If Mabel Miles will listen
To this advice from me,
She'd do like Mary Irwin
"And let the fellers be."

Anna Boyd is suffering
From matrimonial jars.
Ralph Rust will build an airship
To take a trip to Mars.

C. Balliet is a milliner;
Marguerite dresses hair.
Miss DeHart went to Paris
To pose for fashions there.

Gladys and Martha Sheriff
Have changed their names to King.
Edward and Mary Waring
In love's fond duet sing.

A'writing soft love sonnets
And fluent poetry,
Has brought him love of maidens—
O, lovely Jay Ferree.

H. Creveling's still a bachelor.
Who could have hoped that he
Could choose from out his "hundred"
Who Mrs. C. should be?

Miss Stoodt now stars as "Topsy;"
Ray Kline is old "Tom" yet.
Madge Gorman's great in physics.
Gifford's a suffragette.

M. Stull is in a convent
From loss of love, they say.
Nell G. and M. McClellan
Get smaller every day.

Yes, Ward and Ethel married—
'Twas but a mild surprise;
They really couldn't help it,
'Twas everyone's surmise.

When Lawrence Hughes was jilted
He took at once to sea.
The maiden, Helen Lemon,
Is single yet, and free.

O, happy Hazel Cashell!
On interest she lives.
Viola's philanthropic;
To charity she gives.

Yes, Iva G. and Carrie
Run Lehman's restaurant.
George L. has joined the army.
H. Krohn to London went.

H. Hawk and Frances Loomis
Are southward for their health.
Young Shill fought off startation
Till Helter left him wealth.

We know Ruth L'Amoreaux,
She's gone to France to stay;
She couldn't hitch with Chauncey.
Who wouldn't run away?

Ruth Miller, Harriet Nail,
(Don't see them though I should)—
McCready went out touring;
He must have gone for good.

H. Reynolds, chiropodist,
Is wiser than he looks;
Like David Boals and Crider,
He's wiser than his books.

Pearl Weirman, Edna Sonner,
Are making lots of mon.
M. Leech and Douglas Miller
Got married just for fun.

Impersonates, does Esther,
The babies of the town;
The jester, Sword, is jesting
Like any silly clown.

While Homer Fox and Grandon
Do writing for the News,
And Zelda's small as ever,
Dick Porch is selling shoes.

And here the fates cut shortly,
Apparently to think.
"O, let me write my chosen
In Cosmopolite ink."

Thus spoke the hag, and writing,
She made it: Homer Au—
For he can take perfection
And therein find a flaw.

Evelyna Ferguson
I had almost forgot,
Because she is so modest;
And here's a happy thought.

And then the wind blew loudly,
The lamps of fate blew out;
And such a horrid place 'twas,
I put myself to rout.

Believe it dear or doubt it;
The fates can never lie.
We'll find at least a part, dear,
Comes true before we die.

In Memoriam

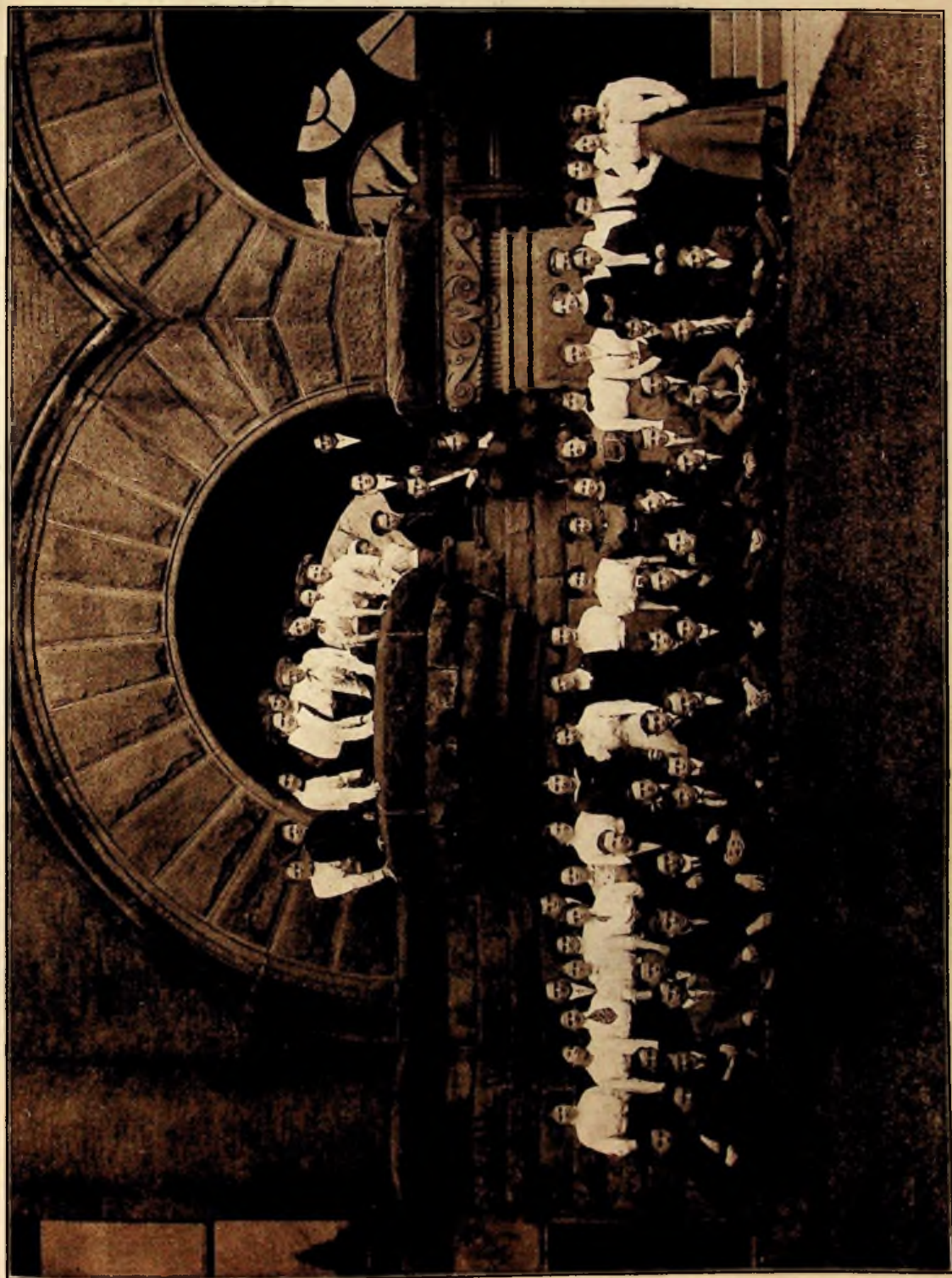
Probably no person in Mansfield High School had more friends than Albert Wierman who was a member of the 1911 class until June when he passed away. He was a ninety student in all his work and was especially fond of mathematics. During his first and second years he served admirably as catcher on the ball team but during his junior year was forced to give up his place in athletics on account of failing health. The following tribute has been paid him by a member of his class.

He lived the morning of a quiet day
Until beloved, then silent passed away.
Good friends and books he knew and deigned to pass
Alike the diamond or his work in class;
His speech was soft containing no offense
Heart joined with smiles beamed on without pretense.
Thus do I recollect of him and more
I failed to mention in the days of yore.
Another strand is dearer now to me
Since Albert Wierman crossed beyond the sea.

On December 20, 1910, Miss Anna M. Snyder, a former High School teacher, passed into life eternal. Few teachers have been so true to their trust or so devoted to their work as Miss Snyder. She was earnest and faithful in the discharge of every duty, with a mind not only well stored, but well trained; she was not only intelligent, but educated in the truest sense of the word.

In discipline, she was firm. Her methods developed the moral possibilities as well as the intellectual. In her long career as a teacher, she touched the lives of many. They may forget the things she taught them, but they can never forget the spirit in which she taught. A better monument than can be made of bronze or marble, exists for her in the love and respect for her memory in the hearts of hundreds of her surviving pupils.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of our earlier days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."



JUNIOR CLASS (1912)

Junior Class Roll

Leo Baker
 William Barden
 William Beattie
 Harold Bloor
 Faye Bishop
 William Bowers
 Earnest Brunk
 Dorothy Bushnell
 Marguerite Cairns
 Harold Chesrown
 Clinton Copeland
 Leonard Coulter
 Bruce Cunningham
 Esther Cronenwett
 Richard Davis
 Dorothy Ditwiler
 Marie Dorian
 Georgia Edwards
 Alice Eiswald
 Ruth Elliott
 Adam Erdenberger
 George Fox
 Allene Foss
 Martin Frank
 Harold Gifford
 Ada Griesinger

Charles Harris
 Bessie Hartman
 Jean Hagerty
 Arthur Hartupsee
 Howard Harbaugh
 Ada Herr
 Helen Herring
 LaRena Jacobs
 Sidney Judson
 Ray Kissane
 Fred Kelly
 Harley Koons
 Charles Kirkwood
 Glenn Lapham
 Albert Lawrence
 Genevieve Laird
 Ruth Loeb
 Mabel Lantz
 Albert Maguire
 Arline Marquis
 Marie L. Marks
 Marie D. Marks
 Mary McConnell
 Martha McKinney
 Mildred Meyer
 Eva Miller
 Cecil Miller

Esther Motter
 Blanch Marmett
 Clementine Mulvihill
 Catherine Nagle
 Lorentz Nickolaus
 Clinton Painter
 Ray Painter
 George Pfeifer
 Williard Pierce
 Nellie Pollock
 Clayton Remy
 Ruth Ritchey
 Roy Samsel
 Mae Schrack
 Helen Schnitzer
 Thelma Shaw
 Dwight Smith
 William Springer
 Carl Swearingen
 Harold Umbarger
 Walter Wagner
 Theresa Wappner
 Boyd Weaver
 Menan Weil
 Ruth Wilson
 Herman Wolf

Junior Class History

ALICE EISWALD

LONG years ago before the memory of man, Great Jupiter sat upon his throne of light, with Juno by his side, looking over the earth he had created. As he looked, a frown crossed his usually serene brow, and turning to his beautiful wife he said: "Oh, thou Juno, thou knowest the earth is exceedingly fair, yet something is lacking to man who dwelleth thereon. Knowest thou what is necessary to him?"

But Juno only shook her handsome head. Then said Minerva, Jupiter's hand-maiden: "One thing only, oh great Jove, man lacketh, and that, sire, is wisdom. Look thou and see if it is not thus."

Then did Jupiter's brow clear, and he said: "Thou hast indeed spoken wisely, Minerva, Thou Goddess of Wisdom; but if thou wouldst have man have understanding, thou alone can teach him. Go, therefore, and success attend thee!"

Then right gladly did Minerva descend to the habitation of man, and calling together the people of the earth, said: "Thou, oh man, hast the All-Father created in his great wisdom, and put upon the earth. Thou hast all needful things save one,—that is knowledge; and if thou wouldst also attain that, attend to me. The way to understanding is long, and the journey wearisome, but in the end, man shall gain his just reward."

And men hearkened unto Minerva, and saw that her speech was good.

Then answered they all and said: "All that thou sayest is true. Therefore, oh thou Goddess, lead us to wisdom."

And so they built a temple there wherein Minerva might sit and teach, and for many years men listened unto her. Then, when she knew that knowledge had taken a firm root among men, she ascended unto Olympus again.

And so wisdom came among men.

And men continued to build temples of learning, wherein they might sit and attend to the teachings of the sages. And as time passed these came to be known as schools, and the young as well as the old came to learn.

And so it came to pass, on the Ides of September, in the year 1908, While Zephyrus, the sweet south wind was still abroad in the land, and before Aesteus, the father of the winds had let forth Nordus, the cold north wind, one hundred and four and twenty youths and maidens entered into one of these temples in the ancient city of Mansfield, to learn under one Hall, and his colleagues, disciples of Minerva. Many tales of the mysteries and hardships of the road to knowledge had been going to meet the trembling ones, but nothing daunted they pressed eagerly forward, and found the path steep but pleasant.

Then came one Hall to them and said, "Follow me, Freshmen, for such you shall be called until thou hast completed four allotted tasks. Do them patiently and well, and in twelve moons, ye shall be known as Sophomores."

Leading the way, he opened a door into a room where a gentle faced woman held sway. Said he, "Here, Freshmen, shall ye learn the Arithmetic of letters;" at another door he said, "Here shall ye learn the base of languages, Latin;" and so on through all the rooms unto the last, a large light hall in which they were informed that they must prepare their recitations. Then when the way was shown, they rejoiced, and cried, "The road is good, lead thou us on, oh Hall". In this hall, their leader said, "And here ye must study; in the other rooms through which I have led ye, ye will be taught. Here ye must teach yourselves." And so they entered in and began to study; for some of the sturdy ones the work became snarled, and like a tangle of thread, had to be carefully and slowly unraveled by some patient, devoted priestess of Minerva within her scholastic walls.

And so time passed. The four tasks were finished, and the youths and maidens came to be known as Sophomores, while others came to take their places in the ranks of the "Green."

But even Sophomores are not immune from the attacks of Cæsar upon their fertile brains, and many were falling, falling, falling. Finally came their leader to them saying, "Ah thou youths and maidens of 1912, hark ye to me. You are falling, but I have procured two to uphold you."

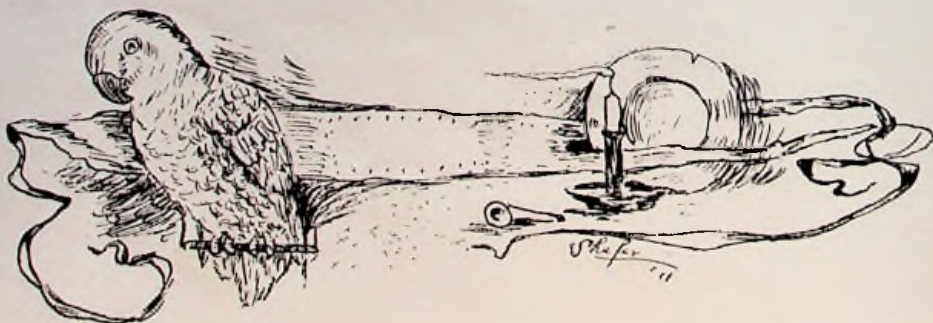
For two moons the disciples of Minerva worked untiringly and well, and when an examination came on the Kalends of March, all went well, and they found their places again.

Time passed rapidly on, and once more twelve moons waxed and waned and four more tasks were finished.

Then said Hall, "The half way mark is passed. Henceforth ye shall be looked up to and revered by your under class-men. See that you walk upright and strong. Now shalt thou be called "Juniors".

And so through the the third year they are plodding, some with eyes always upon Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, others with eyes for none but Bacchus, the God of pleasure, still others Somnus, God of rest, and finally some have left the ranks of the scholars following Opera, the Goddess of work.

Another year and the Class of 1912 will go from the halls of Mansfield High School, some following one pursuit and some another, yet many will still regard Minerva as their patron saint, and will keep to the course she points out, always remembering High School days, and often crying, "Vive 1912".



Dear Brother.

All our wishes for you

Working in the world of Science.

Some will make a study and report.

Some will make a study of the human

And many others in the world.

And many others in the world.

And many others in the world.

Some will make a study and report.

Some will make a study of the human

And many others in the world.

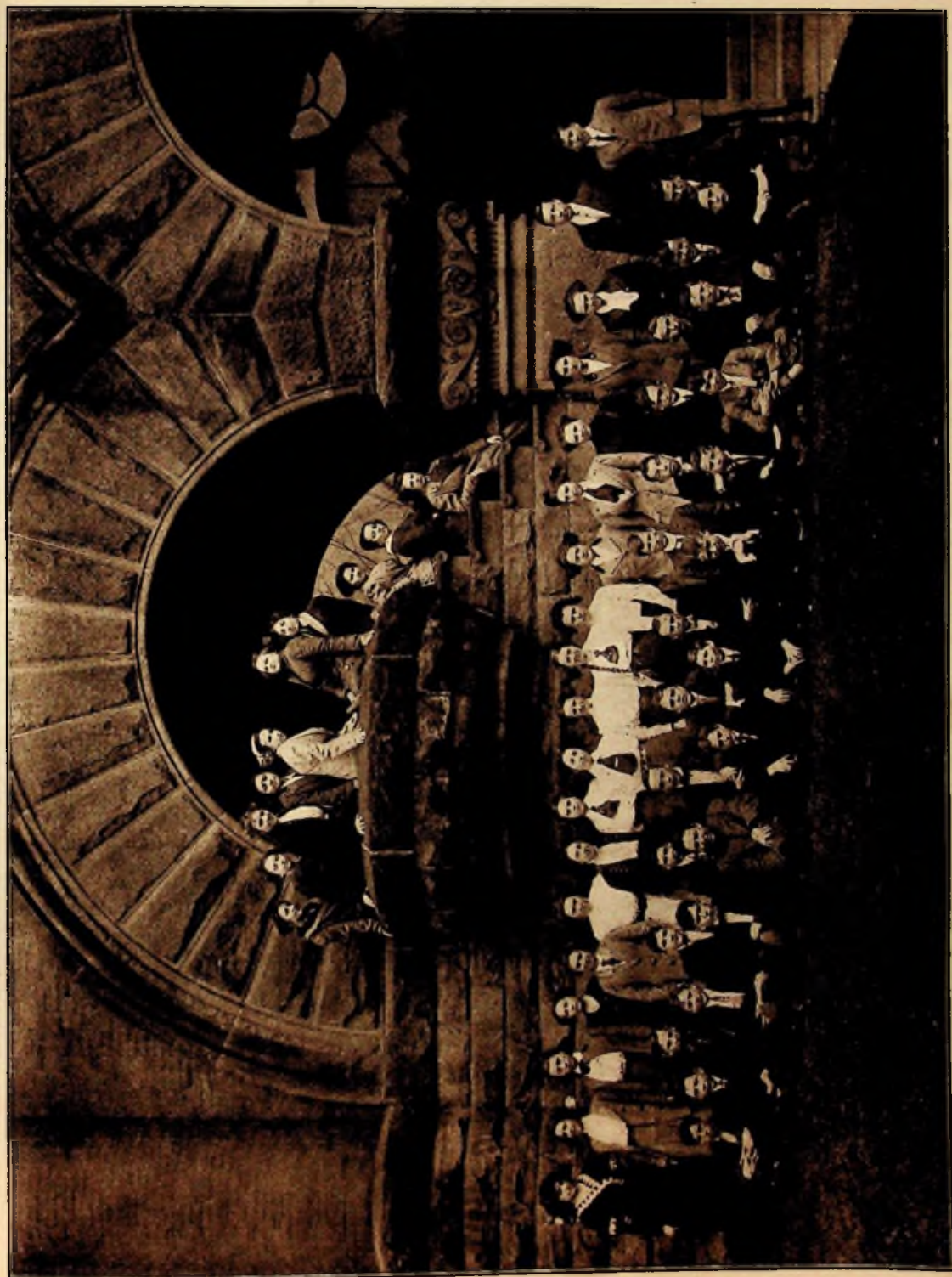
Junior Class Officers

President	-	-	-	Sidney Judson
Vice President	-	-	-	Albert Maguire
Secretary	-	-	-	Marguerite Cairns
Treasurer	-	-	-	Harold Bloor
Sarg. at Arms	-	-	-	Dick Davies

Junior Class Poem

J. W. F. '11.

“ 'Tis come!” Is echoed in the Junior class,
Since to the utmost they have tasked their thought,
As now from Junior life they gladly pass
To enter in the Senior year so fondly sought.
Not blotted out, nor baffled, they avow
No giddy weakness was within them moored,
Since they have learned so well and nobly how
To mount that height to which their minds were lured.
Their energies no lesson could waylay;
They won the strength by which they could achieve
This Four-Year-Goal. By patient labor they
Have reached the steps from which they can perceive
Their Exit-Door only a year away.
'Tis their desire, their fancy's food, but yet
When near the end, they'll hope for some delay
By which they can allay their deep regret.



SOPHOMORE CLASS (1913)



SOPHOMORE CLASS (1913)

Sophomores

Emma Au
Helen Bair
Helen Barry
Worth Bailey
Einar Bergstrum
Franklin Bissman
John Black
Earl Burns
Katherine Bushnell
Pearl Beam
Blanch Browning
Artie Cairns
Leta Clark
Doris Cochran
Earl Crider
Arthur Cline
Dorothy Dann
Helen Davis
Martha Dew
Ethel Dise
Floyd Dent
Lester DeYarmon
Dorothy Enos
Marguerite Ernst
Lyle Enlow
Martha Evans
Florence Figley
Helen Finney
Clarence Fike

John Foss
Marian Fox
Albert Frank
Adalia Guenther
Glenn Gamber
Myrtle Guise
Walter Holdstein
Helena Hall
Olivia Henry
Verene Henry
Lillian Herr
Charles Hutchinson
Sarah Jameson
Jack Jessop
Helen Jackson
Arnold Kallmerten
Paul Kelly
Harry Kreicher
Ruth Leppo
Anna Lehnhart
Helen Lindsey
Jacob Lichter
Joseph Lindley
George Marks
Thelma Maglott
Ralph Marietta
Carl Mengert

Lynne Smith
Helen Snyder
Edwin Palmer
Georgia Leppo
Samuel Spetka
Pearl Spiker
Charlotte Stark
Leland Stark
Edwin Stander
Gladys Stoner
Harold Steele
Robert Sturges
Amanda Thomas
Laurence Todd
Louis Them
Sarah Tracy
Rhea Valentine
Howard VanAllen
Isabella VanNess
Florence Wagner
Ruth Whorl
Paul Whorl
Navie Wigton
Robert Wilcox
Allen Walter
Glenn Wheaton
Ruth Wolf
Clarence Williams
Walter Yoder

Winona McFarland
Elda McFarland
Raymond Martin
Earl McKee
Reed McBride
Lee Miller
Wilbert Miller
Raymond Miller
Laurence McDaniel
Charles Miller
Russel Newlon
Reba Norris
Clarence Platt
Helen Porch
Pauline Randall
Bertice Rees
Hermine Rheinewald
Ayden Rerny
Helen Robinson
Leila Ritchie
Rhea Rumpier
Walter Rusk
Henry Sanford
Anna Satler
Catherine Schafer
Albert Schmutzler
Georgia Shrybrook

Mr. Hall says that no



boys + girls will be promoted



except good boys + girls.

Sophomore Breezes

INDIVIDUALLY we are great, collectively we are greater. Our collective age is two years. These two periods of our allotted span have been characterized by the absence of that 'bumptuosity' so prevalent in the tribes which have hitherto encamped upon the verdant fields of Freshmandom. Diligently has the Faculty applied itself to the task of restraining this dread disease within its natural confines. 'Low Grade disenfectants, liberally applied, have with few exceptions worked with unqualified success, the death rate being greatest in the Latin section. Our misdemeanors have been graphic and pathetic, but scarcely enough to be actionable. In English Law, certain abnormal persons are not responsible for vivacious deeds, but under Ohio Statutes, Prof. Hall might possibly have recovered damages for the various pertuberations we have caused. Many incidents, humorous and less humorous have undergone their usual occurrence. We have contended with many and diverse rulers, and we are sorry to say that "hard" and "wooden" are as applicable to some of these as they are to the common twelve-inch measure. The juvenile court at Hall's office has dispensed justice and advice to the most needy victims of the "Unhappy Fate." The intricacies of strange conditions and precedents have been carefully unfolded until the class feels it now quite clearly sees the point. The strenuous life has cast its influence upon us with unparalleled results. Long dissensions expository and argumentative, have lengthened night into day for more than one of our foster-guardians.

A "Sophomore Disturbance Club," conceived in the spirit of progress and work, has made its initial appearance. But it is the characteristics of our individual qualities that have justly earned for us the title of "Apostles to the Good-timers." No dead level of monotony abides here, varied and many-sided are the contributions we shall make to the coming years. There is wisdom among our constituents, who sit like veritable Solomons, decreeing judgments in verse and literature, but still there are others for whom it is easier to look wise than to talk wisdom.

There are many of the fairer sex, winsome and winning, or loquacious and eloquent, some with the college instinct, others followers of the Simple Life.

'Tis but the second act of the Circus which we have thus far presented. With so much of promise, the world awaits the next Acts with eager anticipation.

A Sophomore's "Pome"

'11

Oh Freshman, little Freshman dear,
We've got you beat by one whole year;
If you were half as wise as we,
Just think how wise our school would be.

In Algebra and Latin work
You wrack your brain's; you daren't shirk.
But we can rest; we know all that —
We wear it underneath our hat.

The Juniors think that we are shy;
The Seniors dare not pass us by;
The Freshmen may go up in smoke,
But without us the school goes broke.

You little tadpoles, Freshmen kids,
Bow low and doff to us your lids;
When you are frogs like us, you can
Come forth and feel yourself a man.

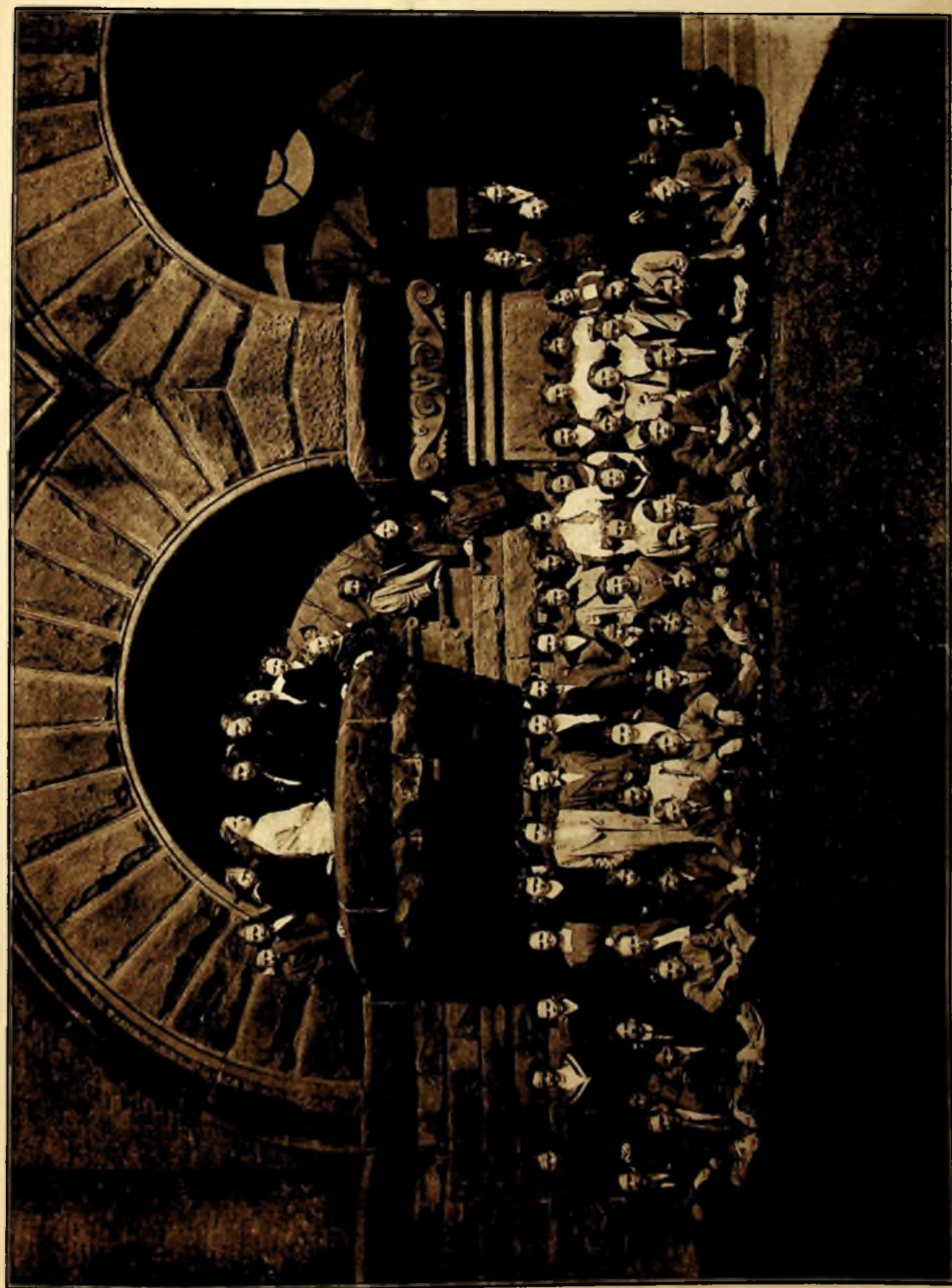
No, we are not puffed up or proud,
E'en if we do sound over loud;
But modestly we're saying this:
Sophomoric trials are only bliss.

What Senior don't look back and cry
When of those days he thinks, gone by—
When he was yet a Sophomore—
And only this and nothing more.

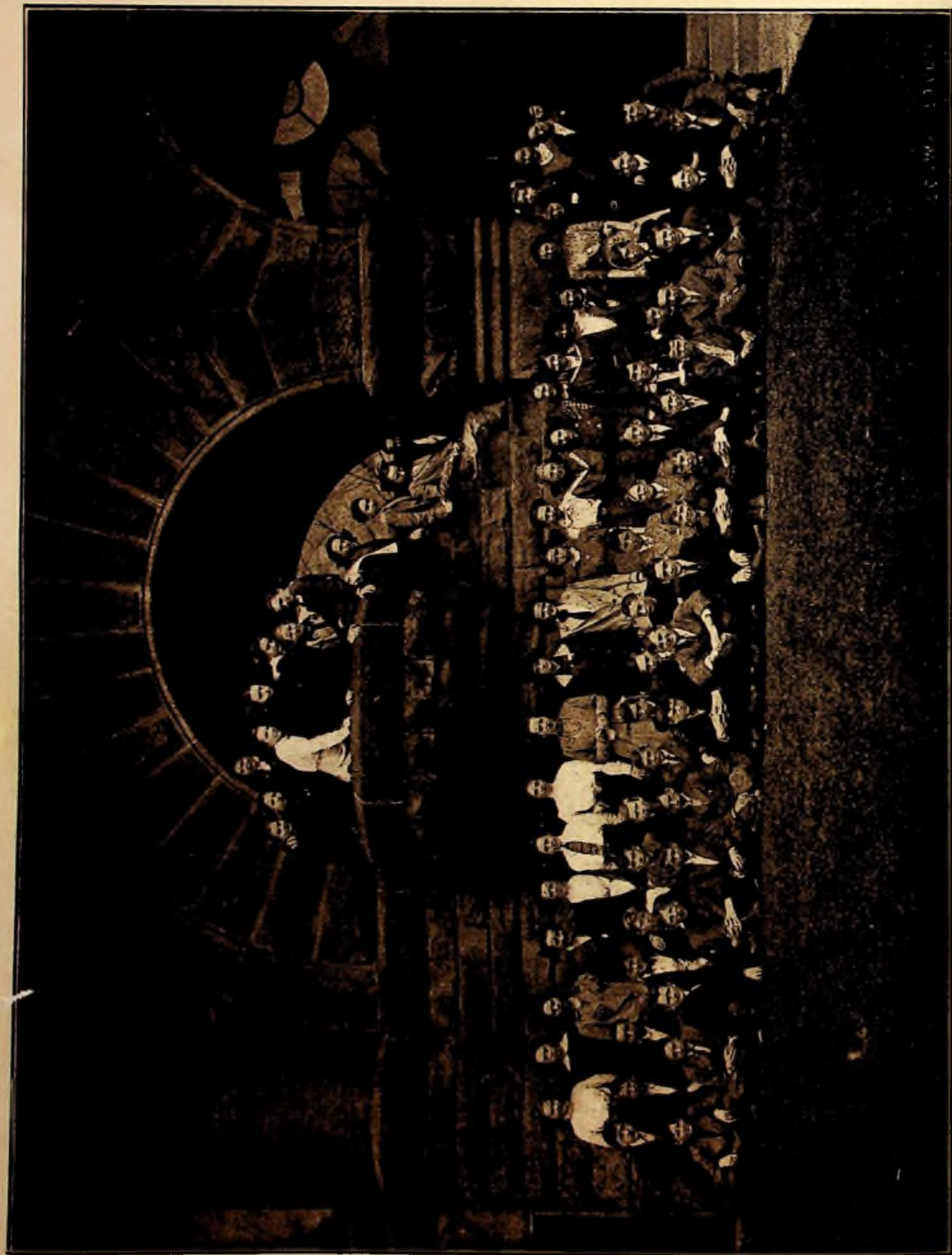
But there is yet another word
Before this Sophomore is heard:
The class that has the goods, I wean,
Is this one, Nineteen and Thirteen.

Sophomore Class Officers

President	-	-	-	Henry Sanford
Vice President	-	-	-	Helen Snyder
Secretary	-	-	-	Helen Porch
Assistant Secretary	-	-	-	John Black
Treasurer	-	-	-	Amanda Thomas
Sarg. at Arms	-	-	-	Arno Kallmerten



FRESHMAN CLASS (1914)



FRESHMAN CLASS (1914)

Freshmen

Walter Stone, John Charles,
Toddy Chesrown, Don Gorham, Thomas
Henry, Atlee Lewis, Joseph Massa, Earl
Matz, Harry Rupert, Charles Shill, Ray-
mond Voel, Louise Bard, Frida Boebel,
Martha Chambers, Andrey Fiscus, Mar-
guerite Kienle, Lucille Lappo, Burndette
McCready, Pauline Rugg, Mae Tinkey,
Dorothy Balliet, Ferne Bowen, Ruth Camp-
bell, Ruby Doolittle, Lillian Gifford, La-
Donna Harter, Nellie Meyers,
Lucile Oberlin, Helen Spayde,
Mabel Wertman, Harry Den-
ger, Hobart Hackedorn, Saul
Holdsteine, William Marquis,
Thomas Metcalf, Frederick Ride-
nour, Ralph Russell, Harry Shively,
Orville Hamilton, Helen Bloor, Florence
Casey, Mildred Davis, Zelda Greenlee,
Hazele King, Stella Marmett, Lillie Myers, Hazel
Thomton, Late Barrett, Eleanor Black, Christine
Brunk, Mary Carroll, Mary Gans, Marguerite Goetz,
Georgia Mandeville, Florence Odenbaugh, Hazel
Rees, Jeannette Uhlich, Mary Strome, Ray Cashell,
Zent Garber, Robert Hale, Edward Loughridge, Berlyn
McCready, Meade Spencer, Paul Webber, Gordon Sowash,
Katherine Bristor, Marie Berkshire, Lucile Cairns, Daisy
Gerhart, Hazel Haedly, Geneva Hoffman, Rachel Pollock, Dora
Thompson, Ella Wagner, Genevieve Schnitzer, Earl Beilstein, Nor-
man Burneson, Theodore Davis, Paul Fribley, Richard Maxwell, Clar-
ence Leech, Hugh Osbun, Carl Thieme, Norris DeWitt, Sherman Gless-
ner, Earl Hoffman, Dean Leuthner, Bryan Miller, Francis Williams, Ned
Willis, Max Finley, Lucila Beattie, Doris Berkshire, Blanche Geddes,
Wilhelmina Heyer, Mildred Harbaugh, Carrie Miles, Winona Newlon, Pau-
line Wentz, Mabel Zeigler, Grace Snyder, Lewis Brumfield, Martin Bushnell,
Ralph Fancher, John Gorman, Luther McCally, Don Osbun, Charles Reynolds,
Robert McFarland, Von Dean, Alma Laser, Farona Miller, William Sturgeon,
Nile Charles, Jay McIrvin, Laura Van Tilburg, Margaret Hursh, Edward Hale,
Fred Mamber, Viola Schnitzer, Mary Ross, Percy Pecht, Grace Snyder, Flor-
ence McIntire, Ethel Anderson, Dorothy Baxter, Lucy Derbier, Henrietta Frank,
Nellie Long, Clara Shafer, Helen Them, Bernardine Flint, Willie Berginan, Lloyd
Burneson, Norman Centre, Richard Fensch, Robert Gadfield, Gordon Patterson, Robert
Weaver, Helen Conard, George Dodge, Lewis Hurxthal, Matilda Rust, Ruth Matz, Evelyn
Freir, Lucille Crouse, Faye Griebing, Marion Clark, Frieda Maglott, Katharine
Bricker, Harry McNiece, Albert Schwein, Dick Carroll, Ruth Clawson, Afton
Kagey, Ruby Ballantine, Miriam Brinkerhoff, Marguerite Eichelberger,
Miriam Grabler, Rowena Loomis, Edith Spetka, Hazel
Underwood, Earl Babcock, Joseph Brown,
Harold Byerly,
Marion Douglass, Leo
Fox, Claude McDonald

FRESHIE



Freshman Class Efforts

AS Freshmen, alias Kids, we ought, by all the ancient laws laid down by upper classmen, have little to say in the nature of an historical sketch. But incidentally, even on our first day we were told that this was the largest and most "intelligent" looking class that had ever entered high school. All very true, indeed, for we are of great numbers, though young, and in gazing at the distant and above clime of Higher Classes, they seem to us not unlike the remnants and stragglers of several defeated armies. Nevertheless, they did not quite behave themselves, and we were compelled to dodge the scornful and jeering glances of our experienced predecessors, especially the Sophomores. We are gazed upon rather indifferently by the Juniors; move and roam unseen by the unswerving Senior, with his conventional dignity. For real consolation we address a faculty member, sounding our depth by the graduations of his opinion, and receive the soothing announcement: "Child, there are still but several shades of verdancy to be worn off. Work along quietly, keep busy and humble; you still have some facts to unearth." Possibly it would be pertinent to enumerate the accomplishments of the year, to recount the difficulties met, faced and subdued, and to record the occasional incidents of past Freshmen, (to their mortification) if it were allowed to reveal the secrets of the school-room as "tales." May we, as Sophomores, escape the degradation and in nobility of throwing the Freshmen of next year down stairs, hearing their proverbial speeches uttered under constraint, or applying the friction individually. Laugh not, worthy Senior, your feet once trod along paths of development sufficiently uncouth that the walls wherein you stood could tell many stories. We have found ourselves facing doubtful situations, circumstances which rather appalled us; but that is but a joy, a pleasure, to surmount them, and the eventful year has developed a new epoch in the growth of our character. This Freshman proposition which confronted us was no meager problem with which to wrestle. Upper classmen, look at your laurels; you, whom tradition appointed to set the pace, may you yet need to acknowledge this class as a prominent appendage.

Remember the Freshman as he is-- a timid, new-born thing, possessing a novel personality, an individuality, distinct and all his own. Look upon him as a fascinating young person, bubbling over with life and enthusiasm, a bounteous store of rollicking fun and good spirits. He has promise of becoming a social being, a fertile source of ambition and enterprise, ever watchful for new undertakings.

"An interesting class, well worth knowing, perhaps," exclaims every visitor.

A Freshman Laments

'11

You laugh at me, you say I'm green,
You treat men like a thing unclean,
Because in high school I am new
And not as far along as you.

You call us silly little fools.
It seems there are so many rules.
We cannot learn them all, I know,
But that's no reason you should blow.

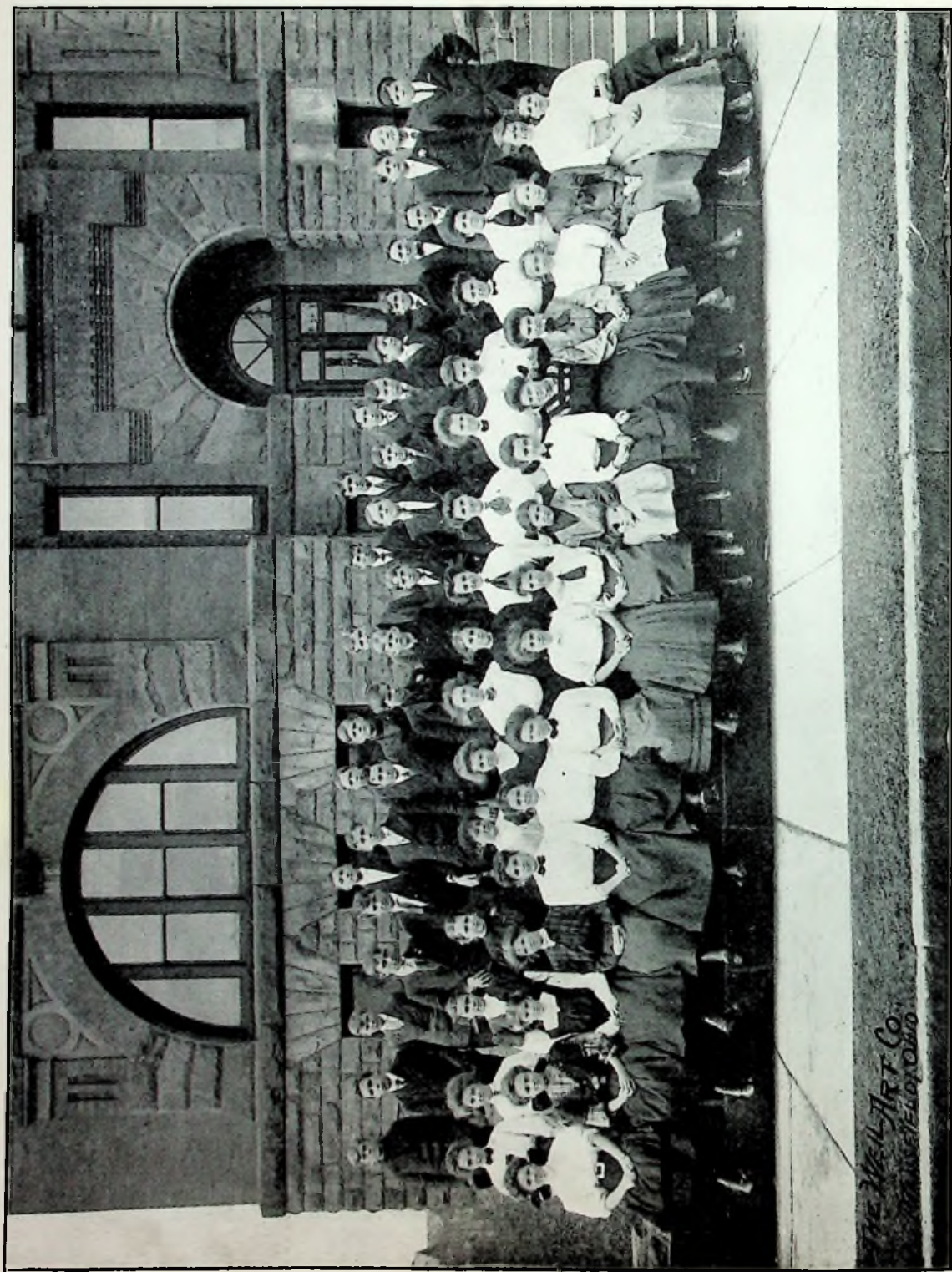
You're not perfection just because
You know the customs and the laws.
And if you were, I'm sure you could
Be more polite, if y' only would.

Were you not once in just our shoes,
Afflicted with the ills and blues
That young ones suffer in this place?
Well, if you were, then close thy face.

There's just one solace left for me
And that's to bear it patiently,
For later on my turn will come.
I'll be a Senior too, by gum.

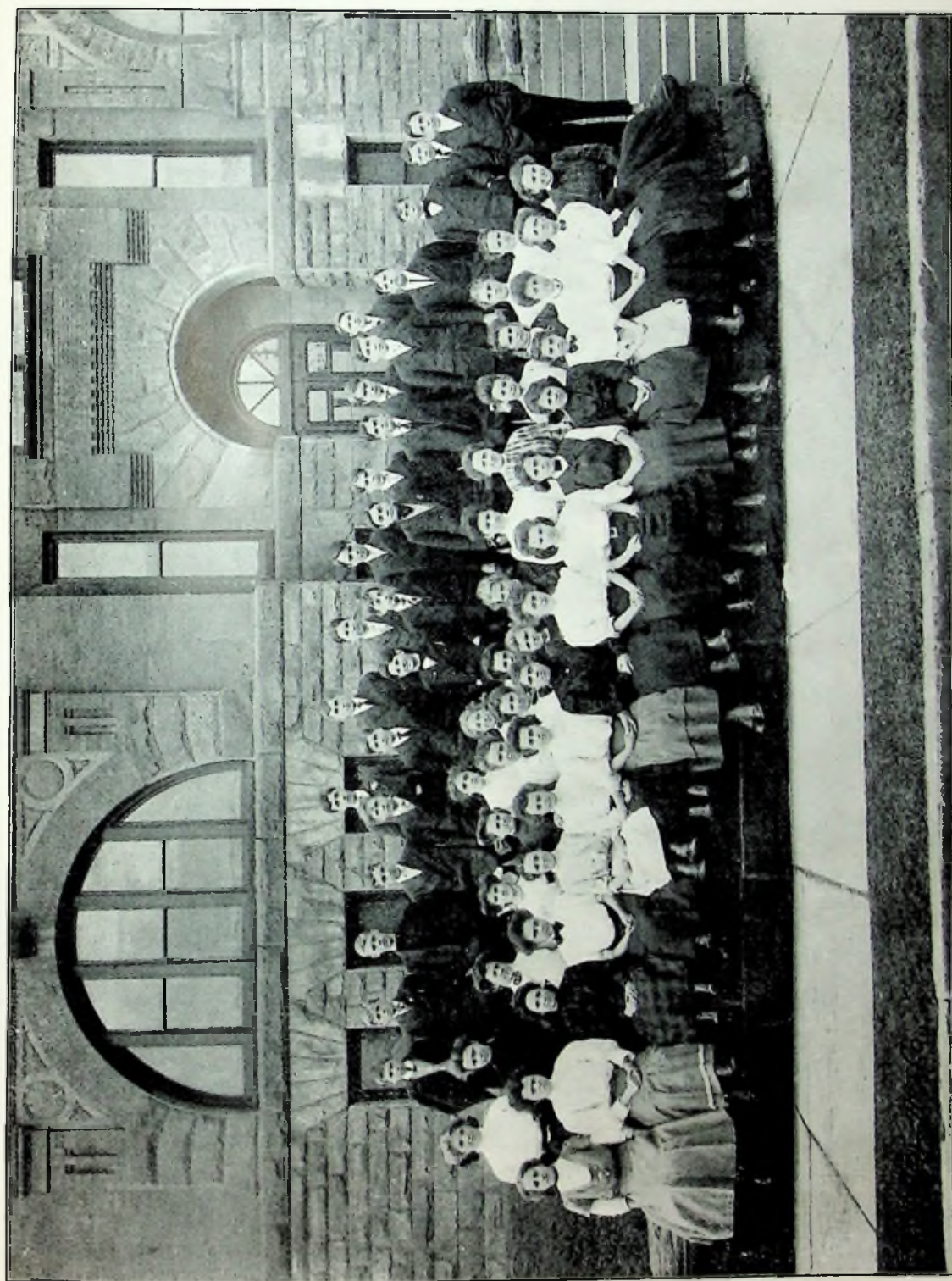


SUCCESS

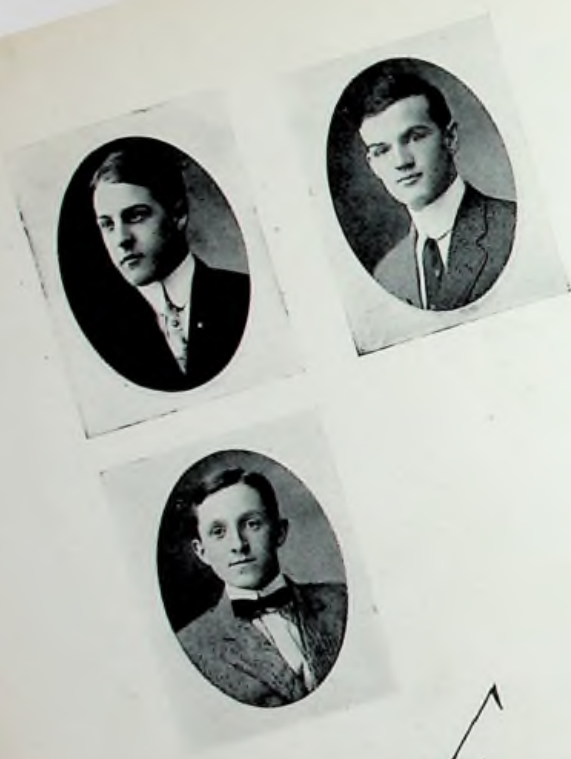


THE SENIORS AS FRESHMEN

THE McILHART CO.
177 N. W. 10th St. CLEVELAND, OHIO



THE SENIORS AS FRESHMEN



THE

STAFF

RM^eB





One of the most difficult matters with which an editor must cope is the problem of avoiding the insertion of unoriginal matter. It is surprising that such material is offered in abundance in the High School, never-the-less the fact remains. We aim to make this Annual an efficient outlet to the genius of the Mansfield High School, and a worthy representation of our creative quintessence. Students are too prone to shuffle the work of writing to another, or if they do write they regard their results as dry, old and squirkish, and in the end present a plagiarized story that seems novel, full of action, and perfect to their minds. This book goes into the hands of many readers outside of Mansfield and is the medium upon which they base their opinions, not only of the High School, but of the whole city. Accordingly, may we present that which we have produced.



A religious atmosphere is as suitable and intangible a thing as the physical one. The rarest visions of nature in tropical and subtropical religions may be seen through a beautiful atmosphere perspective that is yet laden with deadly fever-germs. And it is the gravest indictment of modern literature and drama that exquisite graces of style, scintillating phases of wit, and intense facinations of personality may be enveloped in an atmosphere that is fatal to purity. Not so with the atmosphere of the High School for there is much subtle, ennobling influence emanating from the fac-

ulty and students that it is fatal to all anti-spiritual life. The present strong and noble atmosphere at the Mansfield High School is due in large part also to the fact that the principal maintains an anti-sensational element in this institution whose aim is scholastic and scientific, with such naturalness and sanity that it approves itself to all. The rare spirit of human sympathy and good-fellowship which radiates from him makes his efforts for the welfare of his students unusually effective. All Ohio together with several states east and west are familiar with the power of his lectures and addresses, but few know the results of the private personal conversations he has held with many a student, often converting some moral crisis in the student's life into an occasion for winning him to a definite ameliorating decision.



One hears much concerning the ignorance of the High School graduates and students regarding good literature, present history, and general knowledge, plainly indicating a deficiency in outside reading. To those initiated to the trials of a High School student, the reasons for this are well known. The student carrying four studies has some few hours per day to spare for divers avocations, but when he assumes five or six studies, and it is no uncommon burden, his time is greedily taken up in getting his lessons; perchance, he is engaged in some pecuniary pursuit outside of school, or attaches his physical energies to High School athletics, by all these, his grades are heavily taxed, nevertheless he is expected to produce scholastic results combined with an exuberant acquaintance with general knowledge. It is not at all surprising, too, that great numbers of students leave school on account of the appalling face of school work, and the exclusive concentration that it demands. Many of those still extant at school work, have been tempted to perpetrate the same thing and burst into a field of more independent scope and broader experience, but were dissuaded by superior minds. No one doubts the evil effects of "cramming" on all valuable memory associations but still the tedious system and limits are supported. A "system" in which the lessons and grades are gauged and given, not according to each one's individual ability and standard, but by the standards gaudily branished by the most brilliant of the class. If more general knowledge is demanded, let the daily tasks be more pleasant and less fatiguing.



We are intrusted with four short years, and yet it is more than we deserve. It is our misfortune to value those fleeting moments only when our stock of them in High School is in danger of utter exhaustion. When the bright and beautiful days have vanished and we find that, like the base Judean's pearl, those days were richer than all our tribe—our Rockefellers, our Carnegies and our Goulds—then we turn in human kindness to our younger associates and sound our warning in their ears. According as our earnestness impresses them, they listen or they harken not.

"Like virgin parchment," says Montaigne, "youth is capable of any inscription." Let us have only those inscriptions which will do us honor in the long years that the parchment has to unroll.

We know how fortunate those persons consider themselves, that when the minds are least prejudiced with set beliefs and when the heart is kindest, it lies in their power to have the young near them to bear them counsel, to instruct their intellect, and to strengthen the natural nobility of their natures.



If it is not too worn a subject we should especially desire to call the attention of our school-mates to the matter of advertisements in the annual. In every third office that we entered to see if it was possible to transact a little business in the way of getting an "ad" we met the rebuke: "No, sir, I've put good money into that annual in years before and not a single return has come from it." Well that is a promising example of the Annual's situation in the minds of the business men around town. Now as you all know it takes money to run this annual. The better the paper the more money it takes. Now, Schoolmates, this is soliciting for the next year's annual and the question is: "Are you loyal enough to aid the High School paper, if so, how are you going to do it?" Firstly, read the advertisements; secondly, patronize our advertisers; and thirdly, when you do so be sure to mention the Annual. We assure you that the editors next year in return will make the Annual what a school paper should be.



It is pleasing to note that the class of 1911, recognizing the offensive conventionality of flourishing colored ribbons, has shown a disregard for individual class colors, and accordingly, last year, adopted the colors of the school. With freedom the lower class-men are able to display the colors in common, establishing a predominate school spirit instead of the previous class adversity. Having school spirit as well as class loyalty under the same hat has enabled the four classes to intermingle, each receiving aid and enjoyment from the other without undue sacrifice or homage.



After much advertisement the Senior and Junior classes gave vent to their musical attainment in the rendition of "Hiawatha" in the chorus of the Russian Symphony Orchestra on March 29, 1911. This was effected by the diligence and foresight of Mr. Bellingham, the dictator of our harmony, and the instigator of the Orchestra's visit. The melodies executed by Mr. Altschuler were marvelous to hear and wondrous to conceive, involving various shades of music fused with martial action or the melting of a soul attuned to hear the modest symphonies that shining stars impart. It was enough to stimulate the fancies of a tuneless heart to tender passion, a wooer of melodious Art.



The pins worn by the graduating class this year are of exceptional quality and are particularly artistic. They are small, neat, and in the shape of

a symmetrical shield. The selection of these emblems was democratic. At a class meeting for the selection of the pins, twelve samples of different types were gone over, and the best chosen. Besides samples from local dealers there were samples submitted by four firms outside of the city. The cost of the '11 pins was \$2.25 each, and of the rings \$4.50. Seventy-one pins and ten rings were ordered Feb. 16, 1911 and distributed March the First. The Pin Committee consisted of: Ward Prinkey, Cloyd Helter, Lucile Upson, and Winifred Angle.



When it was announced that Miss Gertrude Jenner had resigned, to assume the responsibilities of a teacher in Cleveland, Ohio, there was much astonishment and genuine sorrow throughout the student body that had been under her instruction. We have one consolation that she revisits Mansfield nearly every week, radiating her good influence and cheer to many of her ex-pupils.

The vacancy ensuing from Miss Jenner's resignation, was filled for an altogether too short a time by Miss Van Fossen who, too, under the migratory spell, surrendered her tutorship.

Miss Wenk now mitigates the unhappiness of those abandoned pupils, by the wholesome infusion of her personality and perceptorship-ability.



The Seniors of '11 have delved deeply and frequently in social functions throughout the school year. Frequent dances were enjoyed and patronized in the prior part of the year most ardently, while later the lure of the skating rink inveigled many from all classes to participate. Many private 'skates' were given to the High School pupils who appreciated such charming amusement immensely.



A prominent feature of the Mansfield High School is that it has an efficient reference library, that is accessible every day to all students. Here are found the leading encyclopedias, dictionaries and other standard reference books, historical charts, maps and other conveniences so essential to successful student life. This library is extraordinary for a High School of this size, and consists of the choice works of history, biography and literature. It is not a mass of books procured in the aim of possessing a large library, but the works were selected with care and the experience of many teachers.



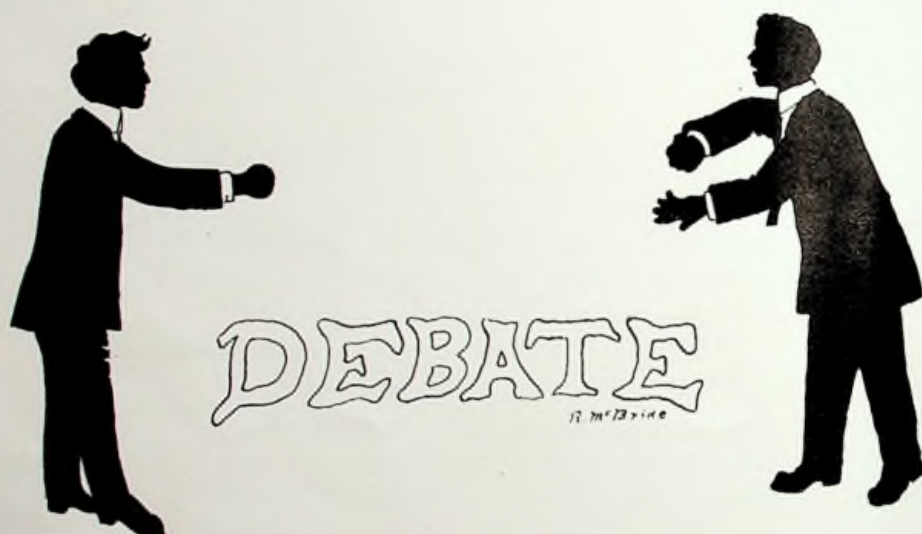
The High School has received a well-chosen lot of pictures, of which these are a few of the titles:—The Pilgrims, Milton Dictating to his Daughters, Sir Galahad, Cicero Addressing the Roman Senate, Sunset at Capri, Westminster Abbey (interior), Westminster Abbey (exterior), Saint Barbara, Angel with Lute, Mona Lisa, Spring, Hermes, Alice Freman, Palmer Memorial, and Queen Louise.



Long are the years since here your course was run;
Won are the prizes offered for your goal—
Prizes for which the passing years were toll,
Guerdon of thought, of faithful labors done.
Once when the race was only fair begun
Four changing years beneath your gaze fast stroll:
And, as our thoughts in swift succession roll,
Your place was taken by another son.
Still, while each class must vanish from the scene
In that kaleidoscope of high school years,
A hidden bond, strong with a force unseen,
The memories of school to you endears.
Yours is the Past, your seal stands on your deeds,
But still the "Now" your valued learning needs.

The rank and position the Alumni now hold follows logically from all experiences and impressions that have been imparted by the Mansfield High School; that is, such impressions and influences as they have allowed or desired to be imparted upon their subconscious entities. It is not at all a peculiar fact that the graduates of this high school are engaged in as many and diverse vocations as are registered in the ordinary dictionary. From those relevant to the hard, grating facts of science, to those pertaining to the most exquisite poetical and spiritual effusions; from those occupations affording health and leisure, to those callings that endow lesser felicities. Quite a number of more recent graduates are now vegetating at some college or university. Wherever they are, there come moments of reverie. Sometimes the restless repose of peace is theirs, that quiet peace existing on the borders of their recollection. The roll of time probably has blotted out many of the minor details that stimulated the Alumni during their presence in the high school, but there remain many bold outlines of their pleasures and pastimes, the lights and shadows of those days gone by, that stand out in clear relief. Again, there must be at times a creeping longing that casts a warning wave over the heart of the meditator, that he, with the present,

could fade away into the past and again be enshrouded in the atmosphere of the activities of this school, an atmosphere such as could not be found elsewhere. Repose and recollection, so often the soother of men's minds, here only serve to aggravate them with laments for this phase of life, filled with joy and pleasure, that has passed away forever. Would that an Alumni Reunion Association were a characteristic complement of the undergraduate life. An occasional reassemblance would certainly be beneficial to the graduate.



Thru the solemn stillness of the evening of December ninth, four youths made their way to the platform in the auditorium of the high school. With hearts palpitating with expectation and eyes betraying much study for the sake of this present culmination, they were introduced by H. E. Hall. The first ardent speaker advanced to the front and opened up his fount of rare eloquence. How matchless was the attention! How wonderful the enthusiasm! It was an inspiring spectacle for the succeeding orators, but these wranglers soon forgot the audience and each vented his vehemence of argument upon his opponent. Why not? The Mansfield orators, under the auspices of the Athletic association to which the entire proceeds were given, were maintaining the socialistic movement. Handicapped by supporting this phase of the question, as per prognostication, they received the decision of the judges, consisting of lawyers and preachers, favoring the negative.

Resolved, That Socialism is practical.

Affirmative:

George Biddle
John W. Fribley

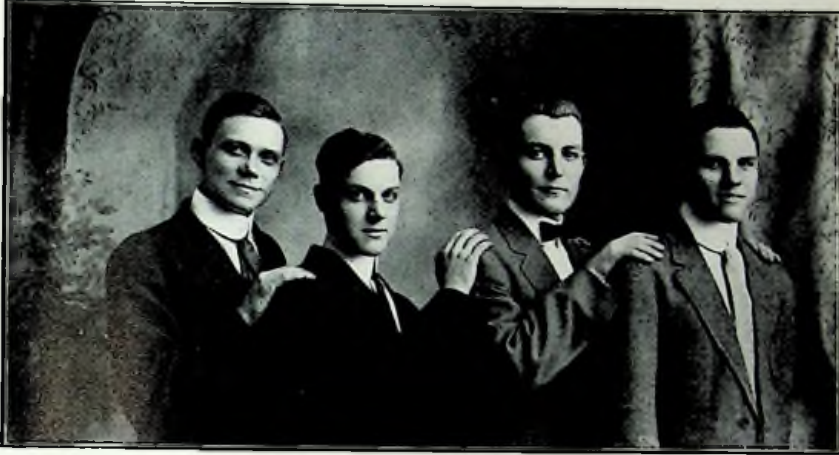
Negative:

Charles Sheriff }
Charles Bright } Wittenberg





M. H. S. ORCHESTRA



LAWRENCE HUGHES RAY KLINE CLOYD HELTER CARL STANDER

Music.

Melody, thou haunting tender thing
That whispers softly in the twilight song,
That tremblest in old hymns, while dimly throng
The memories and visions which they bring,
Thou speakest when triumphant anthems ring
Thru stately halls, or when, exulting, strong
Piano chords reverberate along
The arches where its echoes rumbling cling;
Thy tones alone can voice the wordless surge
Of vision, longing, rapture and despair.
Thou only pray the prayer we strive to pray
Thou speakest in the triumph and the dirge,
Thy harmonies on quivering pinions bear
The wordless thoughts that hold us in their sway.



Mr. Bellingham has directed his energies to develop the concerted voices of the Junior and Senior classes this year. The subject of his efforts was the composition of S. Coleridge-Taylor, a cantata for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, with words from Hiawatha's Wedding Feast by H. W. Longfellow. Mr. Bellingham laid great stress on his interpretation and on bringing out the various movements and expressions. The spirit of the piece had an irresistible influence, even upon the least harmonious, such that one could not help but catch the interwoven strains and attempt to carry them on. Our director's efficient and painstaking work has been highly pleasing and is appreciated by all. Not only did he seek to instill and improve musical appreciation in his class, but furthermore, he assumed the weighty responsibility of superintending the visit of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, that we and the people of Mansfield might feel the exquisite charm and the fairylike harmonies of "Hiawatha" and the superb electrifying presentations of the Orchestra with its Symphonies.

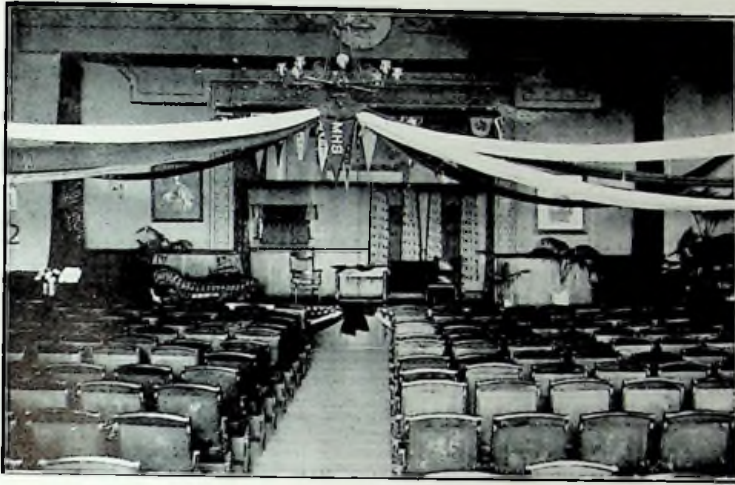
Mr. Bellingham decided at the first of the year that the results obtained with a Senior Glee Club did not justify such an organization and consequently we are represented only by an excellent and capable Male Quartet. The High School Orchestra has had frequent practice with beneficial coaching. The Seniors lack a representative in this particular department.

Janitorial Crew



These are the janitors of the school. At the right is Mr. Leppo who is chief of the Janitorial staff. The industrious Mrs. Cromer and Flintz tend to their duties at the school after working hours at home. The other male constituent of the group is George who takes care of the boilers and sees to it that the study rooms are kept below boiling temperatures.

They are good-hearted and do their work well, as may be observed from the general cleanliness about the school.



AUDITORIUM

Junior-Senior Reception

What's in a name? That depends. If that name is the Junior-Senior reception, then there is an ineffable something that descends and pervades one, and that brings back sweet memories which we still, and always shall, cherish. For that is where we mingled indiscriminately among the Juniors, engaging in companionships that were healthful, and met to converse with the preceptors as they really were, and as one of ourselves. There shall come a time when a flood of recollections shall rush upon us, and then we shall feel the real force and worth of such a function. It is sadly announced that the event of this year's reception was the last to be held between the two upper classes—not because they were considered as unsuccessful, but on account of the complaint that they were too exclusive. Nevertheless, however much we feel sorry for the discontinuance of this pleasure and social diffusion, our narrative is intended to deal with the occasion celebrated this year.

For several weeks preceding March 29, 1911, the Seniors were existing in a state of expectancy and eager anticipation, while the Juniors were contriving and worrying how to execute the affair properly. The writer would display an obvious neglect and disregard for accuracy if he should omit that both classes were satiated by the fulfillment of their respective hopes at the final culmination.

After the unanimous sentiment of the faculty that such a function should have a literary spirit predominating, as would be appropriate for social events connected with the school, the Juniors directed their energies to producing a drama of classic recognition. Miss Swaim, having suggested the presentation of "The Rivals" chose the "personae dramatis" quite cleverly

and judiciously. Under her sane, conservative and experienced guidance, youthful "Belascos" and charming "Ellen Terrys" were revealed and developed.

As to the execution of the individual parts, any order of superiority in talent can not be designated as each played a decidedly different part and characterization. It is sufficient to say that the performance was so interesting, consistent and impressive that the critic's pen refused to move.

As the hall was illuminated at the close of the play, a beautiful display of decorations, prettily and daintily arranged, was revealed. A host of waitresses came darting around serving everyone with clever refreshments, at the completion of which began the informal social blending.



"THE RIVALS"

BY RICHARD B. SHERIDAN

Cast

Mrs. Malaprop, a vain, good-natured woman, remarkable for her grotesque misapplication of words	Alice Eiswald
Lydia Languish, niece of Mrs. Malaprop. A romantic girl, unwilling to marry unless the affair is conducted on the most sentimental principles	Dorothy Bushnell
Sir Anthony Absolute, an obstinate, passionate, self-willed but generous old man	Harold Umbarger
Capt. Jack Absolute, a spirited soldier and persistent lover who appears as Ensign Beverly to win the affections of Lydia Languish	Harold Gifford
Bob Acres, rival of Captain Absolute, an awkward country gentleman, changed into a boasting coward by the excitement and gaieties of Bath society	Harold Bloor
Sir Lucius O'Trigger, a fortune-hunting Irishman, noted for his fondness for the practice of dueling	Charles Harris
Faulkland, lover of Julia, characterized by capricious and unfounded jealousy	Sidney Judson
Julia, cousin to Lydia. Type of commonplace sentiment	Ruth Ackerman
Lucy, edifying specimen of simplicity in a chambermaid	Genevieve Laird
Fag, the lying and ingenious servant of Captain Absolute	Clinton Copeland
David, servant to Acres. Cowardly clod-hopper	Harold Chessrown
Coachman and Servant	Albert Maguire
Errand Boy	Martin Frank



Athletics

HE who chronicles the progress of our athletics for the year past, must, if he looks beneath the surface indications, sound a hopeful note. Athletics in Mansfield High School are on a bigger, better, broader safer basis than ever before.

We had a good football team. Its one fault—and the fault that makes its record look only mediocre—was that it was erratic. Shelby, always game to the core, caught our boys on one of their off-days, and inflicted a most humiliating defeat. Massillon also profited in the same way. To offset these dark spots, though, there are several brilliant performances. Bucyrus was beaten on her home field for the first time in three years. Mt. Vernon and Shelby were shut out by large scores. Fostoria was “scared mightily” by the threatening defense which our boys put up. Fostoria had never before seen such end runs and interference. And the champion Akron team was held to its lowest score, save one, of the season; even being outplayed a large part of the game. It was the hardest schedule our football team had faced for years, and with six new men on the line-up, the team can well be proud of its achievements.

The basket ball team played through a season of discouragements. They got a late start because of difficulties in arranging for a playing floor. Their practice was constantly interrupted by the remodeling of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium; they were not on the floor from one game until the next. They lost their two experienced players in the middle of the season via the “ineligible” route. Yet, in spite of these set-backs, they plugged along, backed by the faithful few who have the real school spirit, and plucked some real live brands from the fire. Early in the season Findlay, always a hard nut to crack, was defeated in a hard fought struggle. At the O. W. U. tournament, with no practice for ten days, they “cleaned up” two of the strongest teams entered, and won second place and a beautiful cup.

Then came the loss of the two veterans from the team, and a reorganized team finished the season, rounding into shape in time to hand out a severe defeat to the Heidelberg Freshmen.

Base ball, as this is being written, has just begun. The team starts out with excellent prospects, although only two of last year's nine are left. The boys are their own bankers, going down into their own pockets to cover all deficits, and deserve the hearty support of all loyal members of the school.

Financially the year has been as usual—a hard pull. Higher class teams were put on the schedule and expense bills increased. Yet the Athletic Association is now in better condition than it has been for years. By a careful saving of old equipment and a constant buying of new, a good supply of suits has been provided for next year's teams. Better still, there is money in the treasury.

What is needed above all things is a still more thorough awakening of this school spirit—such a stir of enthusiasm that it will send every able-bodied boy in school out to try for the teams, and will swell the gate receipts to a point that will gladden the heart of the manager. When that time comes Mansfield High will come fully into its own on the athletic field.



KALLMERTEN	E. L. MARTING	HUGHES	LEHMAN
L. KING	SCHAD	SHAW	
JUDSON	STANDER	LONGSDORF	THUMA
		REMY	CUNNINGHAM

Bucyrus Game

Our High School eleven opened the season with Bucyrus on our home grounds. The game resulting in a tie, and although Mansfield showed lack of practice, an interesting game was exhibited.

M. H. S. 6 B. H. S. 6

Shaw-Charles, L. E. Willis-Lehman, L. T. Cunningham-Ferree, L. G. Hughes, C. Stander-Lehman, R. G. L. King, R. T. Thuma-Painter, R. E. Charles-Shaw, Q. Remy, L. H. Longsdorf, R. H. Schad, F. B.

Shelby Game

M. H. S. overwhelmed the Shelby eleven by a score of 23-0. The game was fast and interesting at all times. Mansfield showed up strong on defense and were able to advance the ball with ease and readiness.

M. H. S. 23 S. H. S. 0

Painter-Beattie, L. E. Lehman, L. T. Stander-Ferree, L. G. Hughes-Judson, C. Cunningham, L. King, R. G. Willis-Kallmerten, R. T. Thuma-P. King, R. E. Shaw, Q. Remy, L. H. Longsdorf, R. H. Schad-Charles, F. B.



Fostoria Game

Our High School eleven was defeated by the fast Fostoria eleven by a score of 19-0. Mansfield put up a scrappy game and had their heavy opponents "guessing." Never before had Fostoria witnessed such interference on end runs.

The back-field showed skill in advancing the ball and the line showed form in stopping the incessant plunges of their heavy backs.

M. H. S. 0 F. H. S. 19

L. King, L. E. Lehman, L. T. Cunningham, L. G. Hughes, C. Stander, R. G. Kallmerten, R. T. Thuma, R. E. Shaw, Q. Remy, L. H. Longsdorf, R. H. Schad, F. A.

Mt. Vernon Game

The M. H. S. eleven outplayed the fast Mt. Vernon eleven at league park. The game was fast and hotly contested. Schad's forty and sixty five yard bucks for touchdowns were the prominent features of the game.

M. H. S. 31 Mt. V. H. S. 0

L. P. King, L. E. Lehman, L. T. Cunningham, L. G. Hughes-Judson, C. Stander-Ferree, R. G. Kallmerten-Willis, R. T. Thuma-Painter, R. E. Shaw, Q. Remy-Charles, L. H. Longsdorf, R. Schad, F. B.

Shelby Game

For the first time in several years Mansfield was defeated by Shelby, who catching us on our "off-day" laid claim to a victory. Mansfield was overconfident and fumbles were frequent. About 50 students from this school accompanied the team on this trip

M. H. S. 6 S. H. S. 11

L. King, L. E.
Lehman, L. T.
Cunningham, L. G.
Hughes, C.
Stander, R. G.
Kallmerten, R. T.
Thuma, R. E.
Shaw, Q.
Remy, L. H.
Longsdorf, R. G.
Schad, F. B.





Bucyrus Game

Mansfield defeated Bucyrus on their home grounds for the first time in three years. Our defence was strong and the back-field did noble work in advancing the ball.

M. H. S. 8 B. H. S. 5

L. King, L. E.

Lehman, L. T.

Cunningham, L. G. Hughes-Judson, C. Stander, R. G. Kallmerten, R. T. Thuma, R. E. Shaw, Q. Remy, L. H. Longsdorf, R. H. Schad, F. B.

Akron Game

Akron came to Mansfield to play our High School eleven. And although defeated, we are credited with holding the champion team to the second lowest score of the season.

L. King, L. E. Lehman, L. T. Cunningham, L. G. Hughes, C. Stander-Painte, R. G. Kallmerten, R. T. Thuma, R. E. Shaw, Q. Remy, L. H. Longsdorf, R. H. Schad, F. B.

Massillon Game

Our High School eleven was defeated by the heavy Massillon eleven by a score of 30-0. Interference was slow in forming and the line was weak while forward passes worked perfectly for Massillon.

M. H. S. 0 M. H. S. 30

L. King, L. E. Lehman, L. T. Cunningham, L. G. Hughes, C. Stander-Ferree, R. G. Kallmerten, R. T. Thuma, R. E. Shaw, Q. Remy, L. H. Longsdorf, R. H. Schad, F. B.

Alumni Game

The annual foot ball game between our High School eleven and the Alumni eleven was attempted Thanksgiving day. The grounds were wet and a scoreless game resulted.

M. H. S. 0 Alumni 0

King, L. E. Lehman, L. T. Cunningham, L. G. Hughes-Judson, C. Stander-Ferree, R. G. Kallmerten, R. T. Thuma, R. E. Shaw, Q. Beattie, L. H. Longsdorf, R. H. Schad, F. B.

Although the football team this year has had the hardest schedule since the time when Mansfield turned out the state championship team, even a more difficult schedule is arranged for next year.







LAWRENCE HUGHES, Capt.
EDWARD LONGSDORF

MR. E. L. MARTING
HAROLD BLOOR

CLAYTON REMY
JAY THUMA

Basket Ball



M. H. S.	42	Alumni	16
M. H. S.	25	*Wooster	53
M. H. S.	69	Ashland	18
M. H. S.	37	Findlay	27
M. H. S.	21	Y. M. C. A.	38
M. H. S.	28	Wooster	52
M. H. S.	23	*Massillon	56
M. H. S.	21	*Zanesville	19
M. H. S.	31	*Chagrin Falls	30
M. H. S.	18	*Plain City	33
M. H. S.	13	*Findlay	67
M. H. S.	23	Delaware	70
M. H. S.	44	Crestline	20
M. H. S.	28	*Crestline	34
M. H. S.	16	Y. M. C. A.	50
M. H. S.	26	Heidelberg	14
M. H. S.	465	Opponents	597

* Abroad

Here's to the Coach

THREE years ago Mr. Marting came straight from the athletic meadows of Wesleyan University, with a long record of successful achievements and demonstrated clear ability to maintain the Mansfield Athletics on the upward route, in its mediocre situation. The influencing causes of this uplift are many. In the first place, the management has been excellent and judicious. Mr. Marting has adult judgement and experience with a youthful spirit. He knows that athletes do not want to be petted and babied, but that merited encouragement is an inspiration. He lays great stress on the principle of harmony among the individual members of the teams, is a friend of everyone on the athletic register, and knows and anticipates each. His purpose in coaching is not merely to put out a "winning team," but to teach our youths "intelligent athletics;" to teach them concentration of effort and ability in meeting unexpected difficulties; to teach them business methods and confidence in meeting and coping with strange opponents; to teach them the fatality of hesitation and the necessity of rapid, intelligent aggression. In time of success he warns against the danger of over-confidence, and in time of danger speaks only with sympathy.

He knows every sport that is played and is a capable instructor in all. In fact, no one knows to which particular game he has a leaning. No one would ever know he ever saw a baseball when he is out driving the football up and down the field. Whatever season comes around he is always ready for that to the exclusion of all else, with the result that Mansfield High School has had good teams in all lines of athletics. Anyway, we all know his ability as an athletic instructor and that he is not a mere common-place man, but an extraordinary one.

One thing about E. L. Marting is especially noteworthy: he is at home wherever he happens to be, whether he is on the field or at the front of his class. That is one sure sign of the all-around development that he urges so strongly on others, and that he has so well attained. He has a fine lot of ideas on many things very foreign to athletics and knows how to say them well. The blunt, straightforward way is there that carries conviction with it and makes his auditors know that an authority is speaking.



Athletic Editorials

Football Captain

Edward Longsdorf, who has represented this high school in athletics for the past three years, for two years playing right end on the football team and also making the basket ball and base ball teams in their turns, was chosen captain of the football team of 1911 and has fulfilled his duties with great ability.

Wearers of the M

FOOTBALL

C. Remy	L. Hughes	B. Cunningham
E. Longsdorf	C. Stander	H. Leyman
D. Shaw	A. Kallmerten	J. Thuma
A. Shad	L. King	S. Judson
	J. Ferree	

Basket Ball Captain

Lawrence M. Hughes, who last year made his reputation as a basket ball star, was elected captain of the team of 1911, and took great interest in his work. Even before football was finished he would hail one with the greeting, "Coming out for basket ball?" He accomplished his work well and cooperating under the direction of Coach Marting, they turned out a team which would do credit to a high school of this size, or even much larger.

Base Ball Captain

Albert Schad, who played fullback on the football team and who played the part of "Hippo" at basket ball practice, was elected captain of the base ball team, which is to represent our high school this year.

The Athletic Association has developed a pecuniary interest this year since the financial and athletic department were so capably and energetically managed.

The donations of the past seasons were turned over at the beginning of the year in the form of an exceedingly interesting debt which had assumed large proportions for such an institution. If there ever was an irresistible schemer of financial affairs it is Mr. E. L. Marting, for there isn't one vestige of numismatic graft that he has not developed. He has advertised bargains, theatrical productions, debates, etc., for the cause of athletics.



DREAMING OF OUR FIELD ATHLETICS!
WE WONDER WHERE THEY ARE.



SYMBOLIC
REPRESENTATIONS
OF OUR
ATHLETIC
ENTHUSIASTS







The base ball squad congratulate themselves that they have obtained a capable manager this year. He hails from Washington State and is a clever player. Lawrence King also has several near relatives in the major leagues. We're proud to have this hereditary baseball genius at the helm.

Base Ball Schedule

April 29.....	Mansfield vs. Alumni
May 6.....	Mansfield at Ashland, H. S.
May 10.....	Mansfield vs. O. Business Col.
May 17.....	Mansfield vs. O. Business Col.
May 19.....	Mansfield at Ashland, Y. M. C. A.
May 27.....	Ashland Y. M. C. A. at Mansfield
May 30 (A. M.).....	Mansfield at Shelby
May 30 (P. M.).....	Shelby at Mansfield
June 3.....	Ashland H. S. at Mansfield
June 7.....	Mansfield vs. O. Business Col.





This is a likeness of Miss Marie Marks, who is the school pianist. She is accomplished in music and is very popular. Miss Marks assisted ably in the production of the cantatas last year, and in Hiawatha's Wedding Feast this year. She also plays in some of the best orchestras in the city during her spare hours.



CAST OF THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PLAY



ON THE WAR PATH

The Annual Staff

Jay W. Ferree	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
Clark Charles	-	-	Business Manager
George Biddle	-	-	- Lit. Editor
Paul Shafer	-	-	- Art Editor
Howard Sword	-	-	Editor of Jokes
Dio Shaw	-	-	Athletic Editor



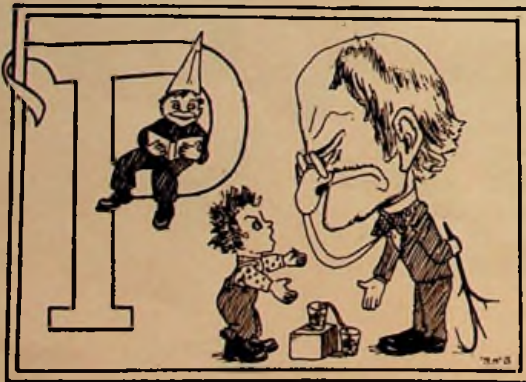


STUDIOUS BOY

This, kind reader, is a studious boy. A studious boy of a noble type, being a member of that category of promising youth who simultaneously strive for educational truths and necessary physical existance. One can easily perceive perseverance and faithfulness stamped upon him. May each consider this as a cartoon of himself.

This, little children, is a lovesick girl. She is probably a Junior. Look at her eyes; she has the blues because nobody loves her. She wants a beau. She recited in geometry week before last and in history not long ago. Lovesickness is a pain just like a bad cold and you should all be careful not to catch it.

But we must always be kind and good toward lovesick girls.



PHYSICS TEACHER

Down, and doff your hats to this paramount dissimulator of physical facts. See the electrified terror of the hapless student and the expectancy of the dunce. But the master—his intentions are self-evident. We are glad Mr. E. L. Marting is not so sacrilegious as the picture would indicate.

See the Senior—he is terribly scared—The monster before him is not a snake, it is a commencement audience. The Senior is afraid it is going to eat him up and he has what your big brother calls “buck” fever. But the Senior is very wise now and will soon get over his fright and look the monster full in the face. The thing is harmless and wouldn’t bite anybody. All good children want to be Seniors.



An Invocation

Come, gusty, lusty laughter take a poke
 At M. H. S. with chubby finger bent
 Stir up the student stern, of brow intent,
 And dig his ribs and whisper him a joke.
 Yea, tweak the nose of yonder Senior; stroke
 The heads of drowsy ones whom sleep has sent
 To slumber land, with dimpled knuckles dent
 The face of sadness sulking in his cloak.
 But gently twitch this thin, grey, reverend beard,
 And touch the thoughtful lips that cares have lined,
 And draw their corners to a pleasing smile.
 With gleeful shufflings scatter wide the seared
 Old leaves that drift the corners or the mind,
 Since last thy gusts disturbed their musty pile.

“How is your ‘beloved’ today?”
 Hook—“Oh, just able to ‘hobble’ around.”

He—“I’ll never marry a woman unless she is my exact opposite.”
 She—“You’ll never find so perfect a being as that.”

“If you refuse me, I’ll get a rope and commit suicide.”
 “No, you mustn’t do that. Papa said distinctly, he would not have you hanging around here.”

To The Friendly Ones

When a fellow goes along
Swallowing an ache
All the world's adjusted wrong
Blue and no mistake;
Just to see you on the street
Heartens up a pile,
Birds start singing when we meet,
You Folks who Smile.

When a fellow kicks himself
Every step he takes,
Wishes he could shoot himself,
Always making breaks;
Say, it is a good surprise,
Sends stocks up a mile,
Just to meet your warming eyes
And to see you smile.

You who bring the breath of joy
Everywhere you go,
Even to the clumsy boy
Whom you scarcely know;
May you never cease to be
Joyous hearted while
Joy comes to those you meet,
Just because you smile.



Miss Feldner: "Can't you understand German?"
Dick Davies: "Yes, if it is spoken in English."



Mr. Hall (To Jay Thuma, who is loafing in editorial room): "Get right out of here; you don't belong in here any more than you do in heaven."



'Neath the dim red glow of the Exit light
Way back on the back, back row,
I sat alone, with my only own
And whispered soft and low.
And there in the folds of her silken dress—
Oh, Vision, of palmy love—
Lay her dainty hand, at my command,
I reached—but 'twas her glove.

—Earl Matz.

—Hazel King.

In Virgil

Miss Garrison: "How big was the horse at Troy?"
C. Helter, "Don't know, mine's a pocket edition."



I'm a feelin' awful funny,
I'm a-feelin' awful queer,—
Wif' a headache in my tummy,
An' a toofache in my ear.
I hadn't time to study
My lessons yesterday,
'C'uz' Pete an' Joe an' Buddy
Come over here to play.

An' now the school-bell's ringin'!
Oh! dear! I feel so ill!
I telled my muvver 'bout it,
But she 'ist gave me a pill.
She says, "Run on dear, you'll be late—
And don't forget to shut the gate."
I fink my muvver's kind o' cruel
To send a poor, sick boy to school.



Mrs. Neighbor—"They tell me your son plays on the High School foot-ball eleven."

Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Neighbor—"Can you tell me what position he plays?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Aint sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."



Pearl Beam's favorite pronoun—Them.

Rhetoricals

I wonder when old Cicero orated,
With thunderous roll of irum, arum, orum,
If his knees shook a-climbing up the Forum,
As ours on our stage steps are often fated.
If he Toed In, the fact has not been stated,
And if he did, his toga fell before 'em,
But we—Jiminy don't we wish we wore 'em
When our boots shake as though they were mismated,
When on our stage we try to holler;
Out of our off-eye's tail we see the critic
A-taking notes with countenance mephitic,
We know we'll catch it next time in the collar.
And fame has lost that master-piece unheard of,
The speech we couldn't recollect a word of.



Miss Abbott: "Show your knowledge of the particle 'dis' on the black-board."

D. Hughes: "Boys love to play, but girls love to display."



Lillian H. (Translating into German): "Das Wasser ist krank."



Pupil to Miss Moore: "Which is correct, 7 and 5 *is* eleven or 7 and 5 *are* eleven?"

Miss Moore: "7 and 5 are eleven."

Pupil: "No, 7 and 5 are twelve."



We Athletic Followers

With brawn and sinew lusty, at the heighth
Of strength and vigor strive we here for thee—
Our High School—strive that thou may'st be
Crowned victor, wreathed with honor in the fight,
We bring to thee the tribute of our might
Full-coursing, eager visioned, joyous, free,
Inspired and stirred by hope of things to be,
And tingling—charged to full with life's delight.
Thus would we serve thee, thus, in whole-souled strife,
Would take the field with heart and body one
And valiantly win or lose the day.
Thus would we bring our tribute—brimming life—
Thus bear thy name and glorious colors on
With worthiness and honor in the fray.

Door-mat Philosophy

Everything has its place—my place is on the floor. Everybody has his work and I hold dirt galore. Everyone has ups and downs, but I'm more down than up; and when I'm up I'm shaken as a pillow by a pup. And when I'm down I'm under foot, filled with cinders and with soot; tramped upon by nines and tens, curried by their soler pins. Every day I get a beating, though I'm quiet as can be. The folks come in from tramping o'er the streets, where they may see what outlandish styles and costumes they can bring in over me. Though my spirit is forgiving, I don't like this kind of living, and I hope there's something better later on; yet I am content to stay here, when I ponder long and wonder, for each one must fill his mission. So what's the use of useless wishin'?



Not at all Strange

The rain it falls upon the just
And also on the unjust fellers;
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust have the just's umbrellers.



Wendell Hall: "O, I was going fishing Sunday but papa wouldn't let me."

Minister: "That's the right kind of a papa to have. Did he tell you the reason why?"

Wendell: "Yes, sir. He said there wasn't enough bait for two."



There is a boy named Russell Bissman
Who found a can of nitroglycerine.
He threw it down upon a rock—
Later—Funeral services at 1:00 o'clock.



Little drops of water, freezing as they fall;
Fat man's feet fly upward. Biff! and that is all.



A. Schad, the tailor: "Do you know my boy, Albert?"
Lawrence Hughes: "Oh yes, we sleep in the same class."



Every Day

"Shall we train him," cried the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled.
You can't, he's just a Freshman;
Just hit him on the head.

Last of all comes Walter Rusk—last, yes always last—
He never is in a hurry; he is a vision of the past.
But even if he takes his time, he does things right, I'm told;
But he isn't such a giddy fop, as is that Wickham Old.



Zoo Keeper: "Why didn't you come over to see my black antelope?"
D. Boals. "Why, who did your black aunt elope with?"



An Important Toast

Here's to the prettiest class;
Here's to the wittiest class—
The smartest class 'neath the heaven.
Here's to the class that finished its course
In nineteen hundred and eleven.



Lewis Brumfield, (translating German): "His mother already called him
the Queen Louise."



O, where is now the frightened look
That all the Freshmen wore,
As down the steps their way they took,
And thru the hall they tore?

It seems they no more lose their way;
That verdant air is gone.
I wonder what has turned the day—
It must be they've caught on.



Miss Garrison: What image do you form when you have "sour"?
L. Them: Pickles.



I had von leetle pony,
E'es name vas Handy-Lit;
I lent him to a Senior
To get e'es Latin mit.
He trotted ihm, he galloped ihm,
E'e rode ihm thru all strife.
I would not lend my pony now
To save a Senior's life.

—A Tweedling Sophomore

Joe Brown: "Behold me, I am Thuma, the second."



Miss Moore's idea of Algebra is (more) Algebra.



Join the M. H. S. if you want to get to the (Hall) of Fame.



'Tis True

A girl who had studied Deuteronomy
And a little Domestic Economy
Went to skate at the rink
And as quick as a wink
She sat down to study Astronomy.

—Naomi Long.



I asked a miss, "What is a kiss
Grammatically defined?"
"It's a conjunction, dear," she said,
"And cannot be declined."



Teacher: Name some animals in England.
M. Fancher: Fish.



Adam E., in German: The feathers of the butterfly were dried.



Miss Ruess to Bruce Cunningham: "Are you talking yet, or again?"

Joe Brown: "I want a box of pills like I got yesterday for mother."
Druggist: "Did she say they were good?"
J. B. : "No; but they just fit my air gun."



Mr. Marting has a baby boy—
It's playing with a string of spools;
But when it gets as old as dad,
It'll teach about molecules.



Johnie: "Say pa, what is a fortification?"
Pa: "A fortification is a big fort."
Johnie: "And is a ratification a big —"
Pa: "I'm busy now; ask me some other time."



At the Concert

Hey diddle diddle,
The man with the fiddle
Is playing a very fine tune;
But Edwin and Susie
Don't care for the music,
But sit in the back row and spoon.



Mr. Marting: "Why is 'Mercury' generally used in thermometers?"
C. Gates: "They're convenient for household use."
Mr. Marting: "That sounds too much like a soap advertisement."



Dick looked at Mary
Oh! what a pretty Miss,
He stole a little nearer
Then bashfully stole—away.



Henry S. : "O, I shine in society."
Arthur: "You must be a bootblack."



Could We?

A wise old owl sat in an oak.
The more he saw, the less he spoke.
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't we be like that old bird?

Is it not a strange coincidence that in Mr. Marting's physics class there are: 2 Georges, 2 Dicks, 2 Cloyds, 2 Helens, 2 Alberts, 2 Jays, 2 Pauls, 2 Lawrences and only 1 Ward and 1 Ethel?

One advantage of this arrangement in pairs is that when Mr. Hall asks a question—like for instance: "Lawrence, what is a molecule?"—if Lawrence H. doesn't know the answer, he can wait a second and Lawrence King will relieve him of the responsibility.



Teacher (explaining subtraction): "Now children, when you subtract you cannot take a horse from a cow, or an apple from a lemon, but it must be horses from horses and apples from apples."

Johnie: "Can't you take milk from a cow?"

Professor Hall he climbed a tree
A little brown insect to see.
The insect gave a shout of glee
And gaily stung him on the knee;
Whereat Professor Hall, quoth he,
O G! I C U R A B.

At the teachers' conference one of the principals rose to propose the toast: "Long live the teachers."

And a meager assistant instructor, in a hollow voice asked, "On what?"

Not Always

Paradise

A shady room, an open fire
A cozy nook, your heart's desire.

Paradise Lost

The self-same room with lights afew
The self-same nook and ma there too.

Hades

The room, the shade, the nook, the fire,
The kissing chance, and enter—Sire.



R. Bissman: "I have a vague suspicion that I had this course last year.
I guess I will look it up with Mr. Hall."



A girl named Rhea at M. H. S.
At failing, she always does her best.
She talks, she whispers, she giggles, lest
She should be placed among the best.
And although she is a mess
She thinks she's it at M. H. S.



Bob Carrigan's Record as a Bookkeeper

Monday: Hired.
Tuesday: Tired.
Wednesday: Fired.



To shave your face and brush your hair
And then your best new suit to wear
That's preparation.
And then before the door to smile
And think you'll stay a nice long while—
That's expectation.
And then to find her not at home
And homeward you will have to roam—
That's thunderation.



Mr. Leppo—"I found the 'Not to be used except in case of fire' placard those boys stole out of the hall."

H. E. H.—"Where?"

Mr. Leppo—"They had it nailed over the coal bin."

Take the Hint

Ye who love the haunts of readers,
Love the book-shelves and their volumes,
Go and buy a H. S. Annual;
It's a book of many columns,
'Tis a book that's worth the money,
All that's asked; and more, 'tis funny.
There was once a youthful scholar
Who got ill one time—you all
Heard it—borrowed of his papa
Three new quarters for an Annual
And immejitly* grew fatter,
Stronger, better, wiser, truer.
Ah, that his kind were *less* fewer
And the publishers less bluer,
It would be a gain for you or —*
Me.

*Allowed by poetical license when the machine gets rusty.



Ray Kline in Commercial Geography: What is mahogany?
Is it oak?



Winona McFarland in German: "She found the hero in her pocket."



Mr. Feikert: Are there any questions on the lesson?
Voice from the Amen Corner: Is Holmes county dry?



Nuf Sed

Should you ask us whence these stories,
Whence these jokes so old and worn out,
Whence these poems without rhythm,
Whence these essays cold and stolid,
Which show not the marks of int'rest,
Which the reader always seeks for,
With a love scene for a center
Of the action of the story?
Should we answer, we should tell you,
"From the classes of the Seniors,
From the Juniors and the Sophomores,
From the untrained, youthful Freshmen,
From the students of the High School,
From the authors of the Future."

Some of the Beatitudes Might Apply to M. H. S.

1. Blessed is the man that useth not a pony, for his grades shall be high through all the year.
2. Blessed is the Junior class that prepareth a big spread, for they shall be respected by all that know them.
3. Blessed is the boy that hath a half holiday on the first home game, for it is more than riches.
4. Blessed art thou, if thou hast a stand in with the teachers, for thy path shall be strewn with roses.
5. Blessed is he that makes a touchdown for his name shall live forever.



Are You Hurt?

We hope you'll have a jolly laugh,
And trust you wont feel blue,
If in this mass of random chaff
A little is on you.
Just try to take it pleasantly
And when you look about,
You'll see that you are better off
Than those that were left out.



Would that it Were So

Boy to Mr. Hall: "Ought Mr. Hunter shake me for something I had not done?"

Mr. Hall: "Certainly not, why do you ask?"

Boy: "O, he shook me because I didn't do my problems."



Here 'Tis:

Now without the slightest hoax,
'Tis agreed by each one here,
That amid the many jokes
In the Annual book this year,
There is one—'twould shake an elf
With a ha, ha, ha! quite true!
'Tis the one you made yourself,
Or the one that's made on you.

Miss Aberle: "Who was the first man?"

Head Freshman: "Washington; first in war, first in—"

Miss Aberle: "No, no; Adam was the first man."

Head Freshman: "Oh, if you're speaking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

✱

Better late than never,
Better smiling than sad;
Her from us do not sever,
For she always makes us glad.
—Mildred Fancher

✱

Mr. Feikart: (In shorthand class) "I will have no typewriting did in examination."

✱

We Know

✱

There is a young Senior named Willis,
Whose stories to read would quite kill us.
He writes about "Love"
Which is never above
The kind that one trial would quite fill us.

✱

After the Dance

Stander: "How much do I owe you?"

Chauffeur: "Five dollars."

Stander; "Hic—back up to thirty cents,—hic—cause thash all I got."

✱

From a Visitor

✱

Of girls that come to that High School,
Not one comes here to act the fool.
All charming, some pretty,
Few dull and lots witty,
Are the girls that attend that High School.

✱

Miss Feldner: "Marriage is a miracle for it is not accomplished by man alone."

✱

Teacher, (rapping her desk): "Order! Order!"

Thuma: "Ham and eggs, please."

Generally Thus, Nicht Wahr?

"Could anyone, Love, come between us?"
He asked in accents tender
"Well," spoke her young brother under the lounge
"They'd have to be awful slender."



So It Is

They say "Love makes the world go round!"
And may it never cease
Quite true but please remember that
Money's the axle grease.



A great reader is a bookworm so it follows that a great mathematician
is an angleworm.



Frequently

'Twas in a restaurant they met
One Romeo and Juliet
'Twas there he first fell into debt
For Romeo'd for what Juliet.



I help no one
I ask no one to help me.—Florence Figley.



Life is real, life is earnest
But it might be more sublime
If we were not so busy,
Getting lessons all the time.



L. Upson—"I did not like my picture. My hair looked like it was coming down."

L. Coulter—"It always does."



We laugh at all our teacher's jokes
No matter what they be;
Not because they're "funny" jokes
But because it's policy.

Consolation

There, poor little Freshie, don't cry!
I know

You must work problems all night
And study your Latin at noon.
But poor, dear little Freshie
You will be a Sophomore soon.

There, little Sophomore, don't fret!
I know

That the others don't like you
And leave you out of their fun.
But then you will be a proud Junior
When your Sophomore work is done.

There, little Junior, don't despair!
I know

That geometry's fearful
And nobody helps you a wink.
But you'll soon be a dignified Senior
If you will only learn to think.

There, little Senior, don't worry!
I know

That the work is outrageous
And the teachers have no mercy on you.
But you'll soon have your hard-earned diploma,
And then you'll be happily through.



We Are Seven

(With profound apologies to W. Wordsworth)

I met a lanky white-haired boy
And he was gaily clad;
His jersey was of different hues,
But his face was long and sad.

"Brother Miller," I said to him,
"How many may there be
In the Amen Corner Bunch?"
"Seven, seven in all," said he.

Schillie does by the teacher dwell
Where his actions he can see
Charlsey right across from him
And Sword across from me.

And back of him's a lanky lad
Who is a model boy;
While Henry's right across from him,
Who is the teacher's joy;

While Crider's last of these
Of the Amen Corner's seven,
And the teaching of these youths
The teacher thinks is (heaven)



Miss Balliett: "What method did Louis XIV use to convert the Protestants."

Charlotte Stark: "He put dragons in their houses."



Mary had a little Wolfe,
Whose hair was black as coal;
And everywhere that Mary went,
That Wolfe would also stroll.

—Anonymous.



Nice Boy: "How old are you, Naomi?"

Naomi: "Old! I'm not old at all; I'm young."



Miss Abbot: "What is an interloper?"

Green Freshie: "Some one who runs away and gets"



The Ten Commandments

I

Remember H. E. H. the principal of thy building. Thou shalt bring thy excuses to him only, and esteem him above all others.

II

Thou shalt not take the name of thy Caesar in vain, or call it any vile names, but study it diligently if thou wouldst become a Junior.

III

Remember in thy school days to keep thyself busy. Seven days of the week shalt thou devote to thy studies, and the rest thou mayest devote to what thou seest fit.

IV

Honor thy teachers and instructors lest thou shouldst be canned with too much frequency.

V

Thou shalt not kill time, for the wrath of H. E. H. falleth on him who doeth this.

VI

Thou shalt not steal thy Physics data from another pupil, lest at any time a zero shouldst grace thy grade card.

VII

Thou shalt not tattle on thy neighbor, lest he smite thee forcibly on the right cheek.

VIII

Thou shalt not loiter in the halls after singing practice, if thou desirest all to think well of thee.

IX

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's girl or wink at her, if thou desirest to be friends with thy neighbor.

X

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's grades, but devote ten hours a day to study, and thy grade will be as thy neighbor's.

Mary had a little lamb
Regarding whose cuticular,
The fluff exterior was white
And kinked in each particular.
On each occasion when the lass
Was seen perambulating,
The little quadruped, likewise,
Was there a gallavating

One day it did accompany her
To the knowledge dispensary,
Which to every rule and precedent
Was recklessly contrary.
And whereupon beholding it
The pedagogue superior,
Exasperated did eject
The lamb from the interior.

And Mary on beholding
Such performance arbitrary,
Suffused her eyes with saline drops
From glands called lachrymary.
And all the pupils grew thereat
Tumultuously hilarious,
And speculated on the case
With wild conjectures various.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The scholars asked the teacher.
He paused a moment, then he tried
To diagnose the creature.
"It has a soul, a human heart
That loves and lives in all temporum."
Thanks teacher dear, the scholars cried,
And awe crept darkly o'er them.



K. Mengert (as chairman in Parl. Law) I'm sure the chair would like
to hear Navie Wigton's opinion on the subject.



Cloyd H. : "Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?"
Ruth E. : "Where?"
Cloyd: "Around the waist."



Mr. Hall to Earl Matz: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Solomon's Proverbs

Remember thy professor with a box of cigars, or thy days may not be long in the school where thy dad sendeth thee.

The upper classmen gaineth favor, but the way of the freshman is rugged.

Answer a freshman according to his foolishness lest he putteth on airs.

The wise student taketh his horse to class; The foolish one leaveth it at home.

Behold the sports of the high school;
They toil not neither do they spin, yet they slip through the high school.

Go to the Senior, oh Sophomore, consider his ways and get wise.



Said Marting to our physics class,
"Now study and obey the rules
Get wise in Archimides, and
Know 'bout the molecules."



C. Gates: "Are those microcci in that basket?"
Marting: "No."
"Spirogillim?"
"No."
"Saceromisae Cerivisae?"
"No."
"Generatorsphorgetirimillionollinician organisms?"
"No."
"What are they please?"
"Grapes."



Wanted—A preacher who is capable of performing a marriage ceremony.
Bob C. and Anna R.



Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his love and kisses;
For while he always hits the mark,
He's always making Mrs.



Lots of men would leave their footprints
Time's eternal sands to grace,
Had they gotten mother's slippers
At the proper time and place.

The Vital Question

"Shall we win that game of football?"
Thus I pondered when a foot-fall
Sounded loud and sounded weirdly,
Just outside my chamber door!
Quite a bounding that was sounding;
Then there followed a loud pounding
As of someone merely sounding,
Sounding there my chamber door.
In there walked a queer old Spirit—
This it was and nothing more.

"Just one question you may ask me;
I will answer all you task me;
One question only you may task me,"
Quoth the spirit at the door.
Quickly to my mind there surges,
Quickly into words there merges
(Tho it seems, now rung the dirge is
Of the hope I had before)
Into words the question vital,
"Shall we lose a game once more?"
Quoth the spirit, "Nevermore."



Miss A: "Can you not be good, Jay?"
Jay T. : "What'll you give me?"
Miss A. : "You should expect no reward for being good."
Jay T. : "Then I'll be good-for-nothing."



Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Nellie to me.
D. Boals.



Miss Brown (translating Caesar) "These people swim the cold mountain streams" (Then assigning lesson) "We will do the same thing tomorrow."



Miss Brown (In Latin) "Where are we?"
Lucile Oberlin (reading) "In the moon."



Jay Thuma's favorite occupation—Painter.

Funny, Isn't It?

There was a young man from Ft. Worth,
Who was born on the day of his birth,
Who was married in May
On his wife's wedding day,
And was buried his last day on earth.

Mr. Hall: "Have you noticed how much better I rest after a day's fishing."

Mrs. Hall: "No, but I have noticed how much easier you lie after a day's fishing."



If the vehemence of Mr. Hall's daily impromptu lectures were music, he would soon be leading a staff of devotees similar to this happy-minded creature.

Robert C. "I'll go tomorrow and buy a diamond engagement ring."
Anna R. "Now Robert for the first time your talk has the true ring in it."

As the ebb of life down its pathway flows,
The Freshman to the Senior goes.
Until their graduations come
And then all the High School work is done.

Wanted—A new argument for Socialism. G. Biddle.

Announcement of New Books

The Man With the Maiden Beard, or
Five Thousand Years Without a Shave
By George Biddle

The Newspaper Road to Wealth, or
How I Made my First Million on Ten Cents a Column
By J. W. Ferree

How I Became a Grafter, or
Managing is Thunder
By H. E. Hall

The House That Failed, or
Flunked by Fate
By Russell Bissman

My Boyhood Days, or
How I Climbed the Ladder of Fame
By C. Helter



G. Dodge (reading essay on Pipes at Lucknow) "The Irish maiden hung her ear on the ground."



Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum,
Girlibus likibus, wanti somorum;
Kissibus loudibus wake up poporum,
Kickibus boyibus out the front doorum.
Darkibus nightibus no lightorum,
Climibus picket fence, breechibus torum.



Mr. Hunter: "Mildred, explain your proposition."
Mildred F.: "I don't believe I can."
Mr. Hunter: "Yes you can, you have such a good figure."



Miss Dudley: "Joe, give an illustration of the difference between mind and matter."

J. Brown: "Well, when I don't mind, pretty soon there's something the matter."



Miss Moore, (to Freshie): "What are you looking for?"
Freshie: "Nothing."
Miss Moore: "You'll be very likely to find it."

MHS

F. Bissman calls Myrtle Guise "Revenge" because she is so sweet.
We call Jay Thuma "Trouble" because he is always borrowing.
Claribel Stoodt is called "Misery" because she loves company.
We call high school girls "Appearances" because they are so deceptive.
They've named Dio Shaw "Talk" because he is so cheap.
We call the girls that won't flirt "Love" because they seem blind.
They call A. Schad "Faint Heart" because he never won a fair lady.
We call the teachers "Experience" because they are so dear.
Let's name H. E. Hall "Money" because he talks.
We say R. Bissman is "Necessity" because he knows no law.
Let's call Mr. Marting "Fact" because he is a stubborn thing.



Many a man who was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, dies with gold plate in it.



Miss Simpson, (speaking of a road in France) "It is not a road, it is nothing but a donkey path. I walked over it myself once."



In History: Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the "Invisible Armada."



In English: Tennyson wrote In Memorandum. Also: Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.



Critic: "O how realistic your water color is! It makes my mouth water."
Artist: "A sunrise make your mouth water?"
Critic: "O, I thought it was a fried egg."



We're crowded in the study
Not a soul would dare to speak
For every fifteen minutes
In the door Hall's head would peek.



Miss Brown to Carl Mengert, "Carl, it seems that you have too many cases."



All Gaul (at M. H. S.) is divided into three parts: Thuma, Bissman and Coulter.

Was ist?

HELENA HALL

When I in Deutschland went to school,
Zu study vas der vay;
Ve seldom knew to break a rule
Or haff ein hollerday.

But now in Mansfieldt town I liff
Und know, alas, no joy;
For here some schoolin' I would giff
To little Hans, mein boy.

Vell, vots der drouble all apout,
Von vich I would complain?
I only vant to find it oudt
Vot in dis school dey train.

Ven Hans mein boy comes home at night
Und zu studiern ought,
He right away goes off down town
To bractice some—ach vot?

“Vot ist dis bractice all apout?”
I asked him. “Vot you dinks?
Die Cantata,” mein Hans he shouds,
“And lots of other dings.”

I take dis chap de poys call John,
I talk to him some vot,
“You told me when footpall was on
You goin' to stop mit dot.”

“Now vat iss dis new game? I say;
No more your sports for me.
You can't on dis team also play,
You haff some lessons. See?”

“Mein Vater, Vater,” Hans exclaims,
“You no versteh dis thing.
'Tis not a game in vich I blay—
It's somethins vich ve sing.

“Why Vater, it's our Annual now
That holds our deep concern,”
“Now vats dat study,” I exclaim,
“You haff to bay to learn?”

"Our Annual, it's our big year book.
The Seniors publish it."
"Vell, vots de learning und de sense
You going to get damit?"

"Why in it are de pictures
Of all de Seniors class,
Und lots of jokes dat make folks mad
Ven de book is oud at last."

"Ach du lieber! I giff up," I cry;
"Dis ding's too deep for me.
How dis all thing vill educate,
Hans Scheffel kann not see."



Crider's favorite fruit.—Lemon.
Mary Stull's favorite animal.—Wolf.
McConnel's favorite building.—Porch.
Coulter's favorite state.—Georgia.



Teacher: "What tense do I use when I say 'I am beautiful'?"
Freshman: "Remote past."



There is an old study called "Dutch"
And you dig out declensions and such,
But what it's about
We cannot find out,
For we do not have time to dig much.



There was once a great Roman named Caesar
Who wrote a dry text that's a teaser;
It is all about wars,
Men killed by the scores
And all 'bout himself, the old geezer.

Mr. Feikert: "What is naturalization?"

E. L. : "Naturalization is making a person who was born somewhere else, a native of the place he is living in."



Naomi Long, walking down the street was accosted in this manner, by an artist on the outlook for a model:

"Pardon me Miss, but I will give five dollars to let me paint you."

"No thanks," she replied, "I believe I have enough on now."



Thuma is called "Brevity" because he is the "soul of wit."



If a body meet a body
Coming through the hall,
Can't a body greet a body,
Not at all, at all?
Ne'er a little word or smile,
Not a one, a one?
Must we always scamper by
On a little run?



Miss Simpson: "What is the significance of the eagle on the American dollar?"

"It is," responded Carl Stander, "an emblem of its swift flight."



J. Brown: "There is something preying on my mind."

Miss Dudley: "Never mind, it will soon starve."



"When she wasn't looking, I kissed her."

"What did she do?"

"Refused to look at me the rest of the evening."



Miss Simpson: "What is a metrical romance?"

Schad: "The monthly gas bill."



What a man sews that shall he also rip.



Nothing said, but much thought—Miss Abbot wears a diamond ring.



Byron Crider don't care if a lemon does come his way.

A True Story

A Freshman was wrecked on a cannibal coast
Where a cannibal monarch held sway,
And they served him up in slices of toast
On the eve of that very first day.

But the vengeance of heaven fell swift on the act
In a manner ne'er before seen;
With the cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,
For the Freshman was terribly green.



Teacher: "Do you know how they first discovered iron?"
Freshie: "Yes sir, pa said they smelt it."



Miss Dudley: "Give me the different tenses of the verb 'lie'."
Soph: "Past, 'lied'; present, 'lie again'; future, 'get caught'."



Miss Simpson: "Can anyone tell me what the millennium is?"
R. Bissman: "Something like a centennial, only it has more legs."



Something doing in the cabbage patch.
The Freshmen had a meeting.



Some pholks iz lik an egg, so full ov themselves that they can't hold enny thing else.



Miss Balliet, in history: "Someone tell the weak points in Queen Elizabeth's life."

Dick Davies: She never married."



What care we for wind and weather
So long as Ward and I can be together.

—Ethel

According to History

Caesar was a bully
Who tried to run the town;
Got Mark Anthony
To offer him a crown.
Big coon named Brutus
Thought he wasn't square,
Pulled out his razor
And carved him up for fair.



He: "Why has Carl H. put Clara B's picture in his watch?"
She: "Because he thinks she will love him in time."



I'm a member of the midnight crew. Claribel and Lucille.



The lad was sent to college
And now Dad cries "Alack"
I've spent ten thousand dollars
And got a quarter back.



For Sale—One choice pew in the Amen Corner. Very central location.
Apply to C. W. Feikart.



Mary had a little lamb
You've heard that fact before
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more.



Cutey—Wickam Old.
Smarty—Helen Eichelberger.
I wish I had a girl—Harry Reynolds.
Dreaming—Helen Schnitzer.
Coax me—Georgia Edwards.
You'll come back—Nellie Pollock.
Would you spend money on me?—Ruth Elliott.
Waiting at the church—Kathleen McClane.
Ideal of my dreams—Russel Bissman.
Call me up some rainy afternoon—Mildred Fancher.
A little vacant chair--In the Amen Corner.
You taught me how to love you, now teach me to forget—D. Boals.

To the Memory of Caesar

My Caesar 'tis for thee
I've lost my liberty
And my night's rest.
All through the day and night
It's continually in my sight,
My brain to pest.

Even at night it seems
His ghost does haunt my dreams,
Although hard I try
To keep my eyelids close.
It's insomnia I suppose
I'll have bye and bye.



Pupil in Geometry: "The line AB *lays* on the line XY."

Miss Bostwick: "Now AB would make a good Easter rabbit, don't you think."



The freshies are so timid,
They are so very small,
That when the Senior speaks so loud
He blows them against the wall.



Harold G.: "Don't you want to buy this horse? Look how nice and sleek his coat is."

Chauncey G.: "Yes, his coat is alright, but I don't like his pants. It sounds as if he has the heaves."



There is a girl at M. H. S.
Whose 'nitials are M. B.
She 'ntrances all the Junior boys
She's quite the kid you see.



She: "Is football an American game?"

He: "No a Rushin."



Miss Wenk: "George Marks, will you tell me what strategy is?"

George: "Strategy is when a regiment keeps on shooting after they are out of ammunition so that the enemy will think they are out of shot."

The Perspicacious Prodigy

The deserving but unfortunate guy of the previous inflection had a pal and after he had mingled with the high-brows for a spell he got a hunch that this gink would fit in some nice, in the aforementioned institution, so he penned a screed and bid him come hither and get thick with the assimilators of lore. So after a brief parley this merry mut, from an undersized burg, rolled out of the omnibus in the thriving village for the purpose of crossing bats with the learned dispensers of various and sundry weighty subjects.

Now this adolescent one was over five and had neither fallen from a Christmas tree nor had he been drawn at a grab social; his cerebellum was on the job and he had a straight tip that when it came to hanging one on the Prof. he was just as sly as they hatch 'em. After sparring a bit to get acclimated, he hit the gait for the big Knob to loll in the seat of learning. After exhibiting his passports to the man with a big voice, and taking on a schedule of 18 plus, he pried himself loose from forty-six of the paternal piasters and then betook himself to the lairs of those whom he had reimbursed, to grow knowledge crops on his sterile roof garden.

At the outset he played "Punctual Paul" and prattled "present" at each and every intellectual soiree. "This," quoth he, "will put me in right with the gullible ones." Soon when the roll was called he began to be among those absent, for his system was to come under the wire on a gallop and then to taper off unobtrusively and to perambulate just hurriedly enough to get by the distance flag.

Alas! And e'en also alack! The poor tool with the puerile intellect and the bum dope sheet reckoned without one big noise—"The concourse of Learned Minds for the Detection, Detention and Destruction of Delinquent Dolittles."

It occurred that, per calendar and almanac dope, Friday the twenty-eighth came to pass and with the rural distributors of Uncle Sam's missives did a Land Office Business. Our comrade of the self-inflated mentality peeked in at the postoffice portal only to collide with a suspicious looking one-center. He had seen other individuals acquire these, so he coyly concealed it under his toga until he had gained the privacy of his boudoir. On perusal he found the dire notification couched in terms of encouragement which ran:

"Begone, thou mental bankrupt! Thirteen hours must be carried and thou couldst not carry thirteen minutes in a basket."

On this our perspicacious prodigy pondered a heap but to no avail; they had his goat, and tucked his Hart, Schaffner & Marx into his Gladstone, and hied him to new fields of endeavor.

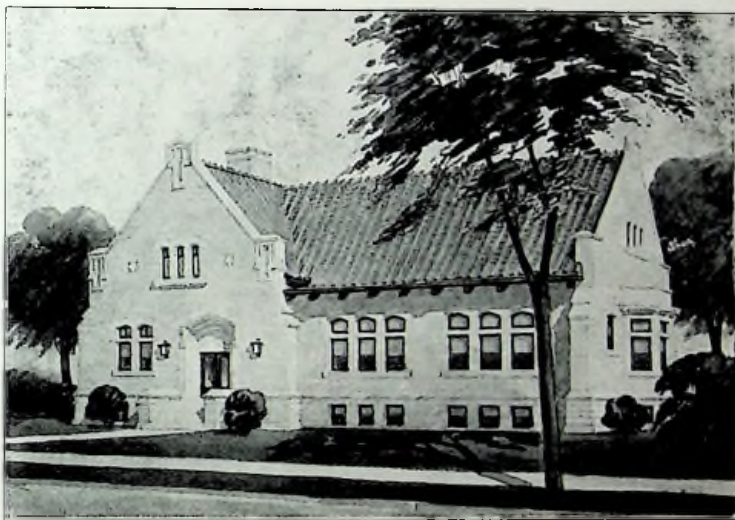
Moral: (For such is the purpose of this Phillipic) Work your system while it's good, and when the professor announces "nominations for goat are in order" get your proboscis in the literature.

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{ Summer School will begin June 20th }
{ The new year will open September 13th }

FOR CATALOG, ADDRESS

CHARLES E. MILLER, President :: TIFFIN, OHIO

What the Young Men's Christian Association Is

¶ It is a high grade, low cost Young Men's Club, Christian but non-sectarian.

¶ It is an athletic organization that does not use men to promote athletics, but uses athletics to develop men.

¶ It is a night school for young men who work by day.

¶ It is a home for young men away from home.

¶ It helps young men not only to help themselves but to help the other fellow.

¶ It is a place for a young man to find friends and to make himself a friend to the man who needs friends.

¶ It is controlled by men representatives of churches. This keeps it a Christian organization, but prevents it from becoming another church.

¶ Its fellowship, club rooms, gymnasium, baths, classes and all other practical advantages are open to all young men of all faiths and no faiths.

¶ It is not an experiment but the survivor of many experiments. While other young men's organizations, so called, educational, athletic, ethical and even religious have failed, this has succeeded and is now in successful operation in over 8,000 places in North America and thruout the world.

Lives of high school girls remind us,
We can make our lives as sweet,
And departing leave behind us
Footsteps up on West Fourth Street.

Footsteps which perhaps another,
Should he ever chance to meet,
Would exclaim, "Well, who in thunder
Ever had such monstrous feet?"

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Do not forget that we handle
the largest and most com-
plete line of Ladies and Gents

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ready made clothing in the city on terms to suit yourself at cash prices.
You can be the best dressed man or woman in the city, at

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Our reputation for good goods, square deals and courteous treat-
ment remains always the same. Do not forget the number. It is
the same old place.

The most reliable Clothing House in Mansfield.

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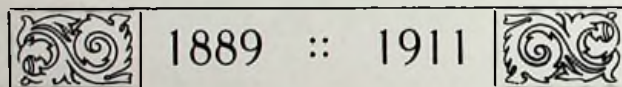
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Listen! Girl Graduates



You have accomplished much and have learned many a lesson. You are now - so far as book knowledge is concerned—well fitted to face the problems of life.

But! have you learned well too, how just as important and essential to success in life is "Right Clothes"? The girl successful in social life as well as the girl successful in business life, is the girl who is not over-dressed, but always neat, and her apparel depends for its style, beauty and elegance upon quiet refinement and tastiness.

Now you can learn a valuable lesson. Observe the women who wear Reed apparel. When down town, wander into Reed's and look around. You'll soon learn that Reed apparel has that "quiet refinement" air, and has individuality that will give distinction to the wearer. And you'll learn too that it costs no more to be nicely dressed than otherwise.

 Give those firms which are fair to us a fair opportunity for your business.

WEAR

Blue Ribbon Clothes

THEY'RE GUARANTEED



\$10.00 to \$25.00



DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS

The Blue Ribbon Clothes Shop

50 NORTH MAIN ST.

MANSFIELD, OHIO

Ralph Fancher—Peeps
Douglas Miller—Frosty
Clinton Painter—Jake
Jay Thuma—Butch
Boyd Weaver—Duby
Harold Grandon—Willie
Kathaleen McClane—Kak
Dorothy Ditwiler—Dode
Helen Eichelberger—Eich
Herold Bloor—Jack
Menan Weil—Lem
Thelma Shaw—Tote
Robert Carrigan—Slim
Gordon Sowash—Hipp
Ernest Brunk—Ernie
Roy Gardner—Mud
L. Hughes—Red *Melvin*
C. Remy—Hook
D. Shaw—Pickle
Kalmerten—Kal
L. King—Bunny
P. King—Pete

THE

Bowden-Snider Co.

GENERAL FEED AND SEED
DEALERS

Flour

Mill Feed

Corn Meal

Baled Hay and Straw

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS FOR
WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Walnut and W. Second St.

PHONES } Mansfield 1307
 } Bell - 696-R

When you give these firms your business, you are helping the Mans. High School

F. Crouse & Son

We are showing something new and up-to-date in Glassware, both cut and etched, also a nicely assorted line of decorated China and Silver. Just the class of goods suitable for Gifts.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

Spring is on the way

WE MAKE

Suits and Overcoats

YOU'LL NEED ONE SOON

Sooner than you expect perhaps; in time of sales prepare for gales, which means that right now is the **one best chance** to buy one; don't wait until the rush. ❀ ❀ ❀

C. Schmahl, The Tailor

58 S. MAIN ST.

Mansfield Phone 1547-R

Observations of Ralph Fancher

When sister's beau comes Sunday nights,

We always turn on all the lights
And pa and ma and sis and me
We entertain the company;
He sits across the room from sis
Like this.

Our bedtime's nine o'clock you know
(I just pretend but do not go);
The lights they seem too strong for him,

And so they turn them awful dim,
And he sits on the couch with sis
Likethis.

We have thieves and robbers at M. H. S. Why, most every day one seat holds two people up.

❀
A fool and his money are soon taking girls to M. H. S. athletic games.

❀
Mary Stuhl doesn't object having the wolf at the door, or at least on the front porch.

By patronizing those who advertise in our Annual, you help those who helped us

Brighten Up

Time is here—the time to clean up about the house, renovate, and make the old things about the house look neat and clean again.

It's Surprising

what improvements can be made about the house by the use of a little paint here and there. Old chairs, old cupboards, old tables, old floors, painted with

The Sherwin-Williams Paints

can change the whole tone of the house—a different paint for each purpose. Tell us what you want to paint, and we'll tell you what paint to use.

MOWRY & STOUGH - Druggists - N.E. COR. SQUARE

Aged Lady: Are you in the habit of using slang?"

Young Freshman; "Nit, my old man would biff me one on the beak if I'd make a stab at at any such dope as that."



We have several Millers in school; we ought to produce well-bread graduates.



Howard Van A.: "It is nice to be rich; I used to ride in my own carriage."

R. Sturges: "When was that."

Howard Van A.: "When I was a baby."



Lilian Herr's favorite hero in history—Arthur.

WE ARE

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Magazines

Books

School Supplies



THE

Chas. Ritter Co.

MANSFIELD, OHIO

Without advertisements, the Annual could not be published. Reciprocate favors

The Fair

Clothing==Furnishings==Shoes

221-223 N. MAIN ST.

J. HOLDSTEIN, Prop.

If you haven't been in our stores come in and see a complete line of

Hardware

House furnishings

Paints, etc.

WE ALWAYS APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

Strater & Goetz

76 N. Main St.

::

Phone 186

McCALLY'S SECOND HAND STORE

BEST LINE OF SECOND HAND GOODS IN THE CITY

— Cash Paid —

Call and see US.

North Main Street

Our Terms are Right.

G. H and H. D.

Lowrey

CIGARS

TOBACCO

AND

PIPES

BILLIARDS and POOL

No. 7 North Main St.

These firms advertise because they want our business. We owe it to them

F. DOOLITTLE



DENTIST

MANSFIELD,
OHIO

Over Blymyers' Stove Store
Both Phones

Always Ahead

IN STYLES

Hats, Caps and Furnishings.
We make Suits to Order.
Trunks and Traveling Bags.

Leech Bros.

HATTERS :: FURNISHERS
OPP. VONHOF

Miss Ruess (on the first day):
Chauncey, you may sit in that front
seat.

Chauncey: Certainly, if Naomi
will sit over a little.



Running an "Annual" is like pok-
ing a fire—everyone thinks he can
do it better than the one who has
the poker.



St. Peter: Did you buy an "An-
nual"?

Freshman: N-o-o-o.

St. Peter (to imp): Show this man
below.

Smile

Smile a while,
And when you smile another smiles;
And soon there's miles and miles
Of smiles, and life's worth while—
Because you will have your gradu-
ation suit made to order by

Geo. Wolf Tailoring Co.

MAKER OF

MEN'S } HIGH GRADE CLOTHES
LADIES' } NEW FORD BUILDING



LOUIS A. OTT

Jeweler and Optometrist

VONHOF BLOCK



Hello There! Mr. Builder

SEE US FOR

Building Material

We have all sizes
and best grades of

Hard and Soft Coal



Voegele Bros.

BOTH PHONES

Office and Yard: 199 N. Main St.

Look on these pages for the best place to get what you want

Hammocks, Couch Hammocks
Croquet Sets
THE MARTIN HDW. CO.

I'm Well

Wm. G. Black

The Druggist

Ideal Gifts for Graduation



For Lady or Gentlemen

Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Rich Jewelry, Hand Painted China. Choicest and most beautiful patterns of high grade wares, which consist of the latest creations and exclusive designs. Quality is the great lever. Nearly all our goods are bought direct from the manufacturers thus saving our patrons the Middle Man's Profit which has contributed largely to our success. Make your purchases early. We will put them away until you want them.

Andrew Paulo 9 Park Av. W.

Miss Moore: (pointing to two expressions of equal value) "Dick, if these were all dollars, and these were all dollars, which would you rather have"?

D. Carrol: "Both."



Miss B.: What does "alter ego" mean, Jacob?

J. Lichter: The other eye.

Miss B.: Give an example.

J. L.: He winked his alter ego,



Mr. Marting: What constitutes a telephone?

Bright Boy: Wire, batteries and telephone girls.

You're to blame if you forget the name

KISSANE, The Tailor

Maker and Designer of Men's Fine Clothing

63½ N. MAIN ST.

OVER LUCAS BROS. DRUG STORE

For the sake of next year's manager, tell them where you saw it

Let us do a little figuring

Spent ten or twelve years in getting your education thus far, haven't you? That is good. But, what next? Better take six months or a year and invest it with us.

Big Results from Small Outlay

is the only name for the kind of investment we offer.

These invested from \$40.00 to \$100.00 with us.

Look where they are!

Hear their salaries and positions talk their per cent of profit.

HUGH PORE with Hydraulic Press Co., New York.
LAURA VANATTA in State Treasurer's Office, Columbus, O.
CHAS. HARRIS, Asst. Sec. Owen China Co., Minerva, O.
J. A. PALM, Barnes Mfg. Co., Mansfield, O.
FRANK YARGER, Aultman-Taylor Co., Mansfield, O.
FRED PALM, E. M. F. Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.
FRANK BILSING, Goodyear Rubber Co., Akron, O.
FOSTER WILLHIDE, Sutter Furniture Co., Shelby, O.
LOIS ANDERSON, Citizens Bank, Mansfield, Ohio
HUGH YOUNG, First National Bank, Loudonville, O.
BERTHA BRINER, First National Bank, Shelby, O.
ARTHUR BECK, Deputy County Auditor, Mansfield, O.
JNO. DALTON, Deputy Clerk, Probate Court, Mansfield, O.
FRANK GEIGER, with Gas Co., Ashland, O.
LLOYD FISHER, Advertising Man, Faultless Rubber Co., Ashland, O.
J. JONES and GEO. GARRISON, Bookkeepers, Mansfield Savings Bank, Mansfield, O.
IDA METCALF, and B. B. KUHN, Bank of Mansfield, O.
RALPH HUNTER, Sec'y to Vice-Pres. Terry of National Electric Co., Cleveland, O.
C. V. McCONNELL, Advertising man with Roderick Lean Mfg. Co., Mansfield, Ohio.
HENRY KRISHBAUM, with Boston Woven Hose Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
R. R. STERLING, Sec. and Sales Mgr. Monitor Sad Iron Co., Big Prairie, O.

SPECIAL TERM:—in Commercial, Shorthand and Normal Departments.

MANSFIELD-OHIO BUSINESS COLLEGE

THE SCHOOL "ON THE SQUARE"

P. W. FREDERICK, Mgr.

S. A. HAGERMAN, Mgr.



LOUIS D. BARR

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Blymyer Bldg.

17½ N. Main St.

KASS BROS.

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND
SMOKED MEATS,
SAUSAGE, ETC.

14 W. FOURTH ST.

TELEPHONE 272

Laugh and the Prof. laughs with you;
Laugh and you laugh alone.
The first when the joke is the Prof's.,
The last when the joke is your own.



Ferree says its fine to be an editor
And write for other folks,
And rack your brain, and tear your hair,
And make for them some jokes.
It's nicer still when it's all done
And everything is o'er,
To have the High School knockers say:
"This book is such a bore."

For a dashy suit of clothes
Good material
Excellent trimming
First-class in every respect

GO TO

A. SCHAD

VONHOF BLOCK

We Study

the wants of our patrons
and meet them.



Colonial Printing Co.

18½ SOUTH MAIN ST.

It means something to the next year's Annual manager, if you tell
these firms where you saw it.



For the Highest Grade

Photos
Kodaks
Films
and
Photo Supplies

THE Burkholder Studio

LEADS THEM ALL

Miss Garrison: "Russel, conjugate 'mitto' in the perfect passive system."

Russel: "Missus sum, missus es, missus est, missus sumus,—"

Miss Garrison: "Oh, no, Russel. That is where she changes her name."



Miss Garrison (In Latin): "Is it possible that you don't know the 'first person' when you see it?"

Russel B. : "Adam died long before my day."



Marting: "When rain falls, does it ever rise again?"

Wise One: "Yes sir."

Marting: "When?"

Wise One: "In dew-time."

Reach Base Ball Goods

Are well and favorably known in every town where boys play ball.

Every piece of Reach Goods is designed by a practical man and constructed by experts who have spent their lives doing this one thing right.

Every piece of material used in this construction is selected for its durability and finish.

They are sold under a guarantee, covering defects both in material and workmanship, and have been so free from fault in the past that the majority of base-ball men in the country are using them today.

We carry a very extensive line of these goods and like to show them.

See us before you buy.

Wagner Hardware Co.

It is an unwritten law at High School to patronize only those who advertise in our publications.



John H. Miller

HEADQUARTERS FOR

High-Class Tailoring
at the right price.

Not better than the best but
better than the rest

48 WEST FOURTH ST.

MANSFIELD, OHIO

Miss Moore: "Why, where is Mildred Davis?"

Don Gorham: "Davis' dog chewed her rat up and she couldn't come today."



Mr. Hall at 8:35: "Is Marguerite Eichelberger here yet?"

Miss D.: "Not yet. You could not expect her here so soon; it's only 8:35."



Mr. Hall: "Is this your father's signature?"

M. Eichelberger: "As near as I could get it, sir."



Teacher to Freshman: "What is Algebra?"

Freshman: "It's a white mule with black stripes."

Kalers

is the word that has, for the last ten years, been synonymous to Perfection, of

Ice Cream and
High Grade Candies

You cannot say the one without meaning the other, and we are trying to hold our reputation.

Come in and see us often—we are always glad to see you.

Kalers Candy Kitchen

THE OLD RELIABLE STORE

ON THE SQUARE

Patronize those who advertise in the Annual; you thereby help
M. H. S.

UPSON BROS.

D
I
X
I
E

C
O
A
L

BEST FOR FAMILY USE.

BOTH PHONES

They sailed down the stream a-
whizzin'

Both seated in the stern;
He held her hand in his'n— F. Biss-
man.

She held his hand in her'n— M.
Guise.



To pony or not to pony, that is the
question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to
suffer

The Prof's. exams unearned,
Or to take up arms against a sea of
troubles

And by ponying end them.

People who use

NONPAREIL
FLOUR

are always pleased with it.

We want YOU to try it.



Gilbert & Co.

Make our store your home store



Men's
Young Men's
and
Children's
Clothing.
Shirts
Neckwear
Hats
Underwear
Hosiery

PRICES the LOWEST
QUALITY the BEST

The One Price Store

The Albrecht-Lapham Co.

One way of showing your school spirit is by patronizing those who
advertise in our publication.

The Clothes

that have style and fit is what you
will get if you get them made at



OTTO MILLER

THE REAL TAILOR

14½ S. Main

On the Square



Buggies and Harness of
QUALITY
and horse fittings

THAT'S ALL WE CARRY

Howard Miller

S. Walnut St.

Mansfield, Ohio

ANGLE



FOR
GROCERIES

HIGH GRADE GOODS

LARGE STOCK

COURTEOUS SERVICE

CLEAN STORE

REASONABLE PRICES

A Sweet Story

May we suggest you come inside
And taste our candy which we pride
Now it's always best to eat
Surely so tempting and so sweet
Famous candy of great renown
It is the best in all the town
Exquisite too and sweetest taste
Linger here—come in dont wait
Dainty and the tempting kind

Sweetest that you'll ever find
Unexcelled because so fine
Gives you joy—now we are sure
And on these hot days
Really our soda you will praise

Because it's best, and ice cream nice
Oh it's cooled by plenty of ice
While on summer nights you dream
Let us serve you the best Ice Cream

These houses have paid real money to show their city school
spirit. Show yours by patronizing.

Engravings of Quality

By all Processes

*The Weil
Mechanical Art Co
Designers & Engravers.
Mansfield, Ohio.*

4½ West Fourth St.

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OTHERS—WE CAN PLEASE YOU.

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